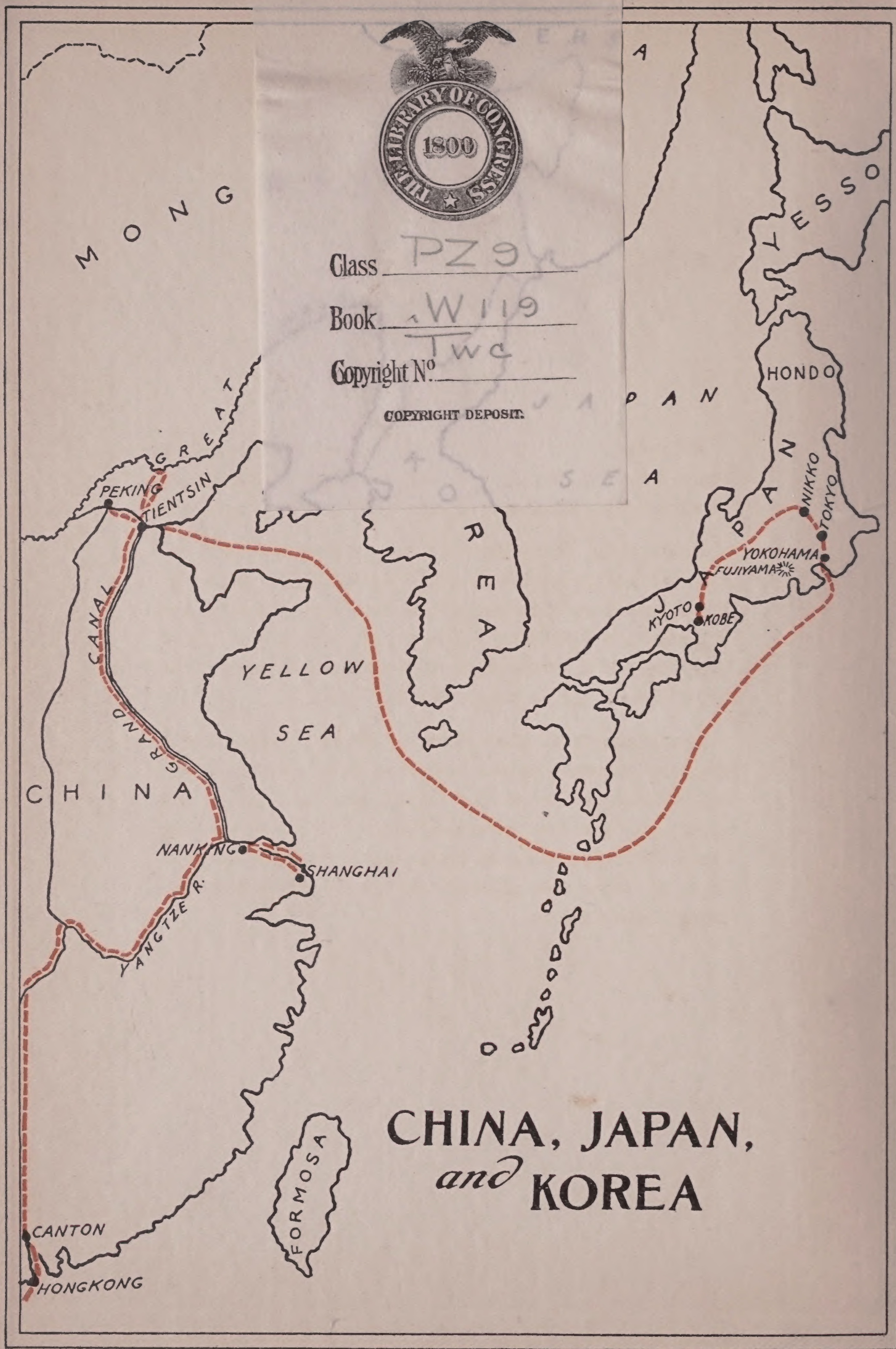
TWIN TRAVELERS IN CHINA AND JAPAN

MARY E. WADE



CHINA, JAPAN, *and* KOREA

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After their trip through India, these lively American twins are delighted to find that their uncle proposes to continue their Eastern journey to China and Japan.

From Hong Kong they travel northward, partly by rail and partly on the mighty Yangtze-Kiang River, to Shanghai; then by houseboat on the Grand Canal to the Imperial city of Peking. Joe enjoys a strenuous trip to The Great Wall while Lucy makes the acquaintance of a little Chinese girl in a real Chinese home.

A steamer then takes them to flowery Japan, where they are charmed by the beautiful sights and the clever industrious people of the island kingdom. It is not surprising that Lucy often exclaims, "Well, *this* is the most interesting thing we have seen so far!" as the wonders of these two ancient and picturesque countries unfold before them.

TWIN TRAVELERS
IN CHINA AND JAPAN

"THERE WAS PLENTY TO SEE, AND THE EYES OF THE TWINS WERE KEPT BUSY."

—*Page 9*

TWIN TRAVELERS IN CHINA & JAPAN

BY

MARY H. WADE

Author of "Twin Travelers in South America," "Twin Travelers in the Holy Land," "Twin Travelers in India," "The Little Cousin Series," etc.

WITH A FRONTISPIECE IN COLOR AND EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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IN CHINA

TWIN TRAVELERS IN CHINA AND JAPAN

CHAPTER I

THE LANDING

"UNCLE BEN!"

"What is it, Lucy?" As Mr. Andrews spoke he turned smiling eyes down upon his little niece.

"As I came up on deck I thought all at once of the time when Joe and I weren't much bigger than babies and liked to make mud pies. Some one had told us about the strange country of China on the other side of the world, and that if we'd dig deep enough into the ground we could make a hole through which we could crawl and find ourselves at last in China."

"Well?"

"So, one morning, we twins started to dig the hole. At first we worked like two little beavers. But we soon got tired and Joe began to fuss. 'It's too big a job,' he said. 'I'm going to give up.'

"So I gave up too, and we ran off to chase butterflies. That was the end of our trying to dig our way through to China."

"But you were quite ready, when the time came to seek it with your Aunt Nell and me, by sailing around on the outside of the world?"

"Indeed I was, even if that meant being away a long time from Daddy and Mummie. Why, how could I help enjoying the long journey here, when there have been such interesting stops on the way from New York! First, there was our stay in the Holy Land, and after that we had such a wonderful visit in India. And now, here we are close to the shore of China itself, and you and dear Aunt Nell haven't given Joe and me a chance to get really homesick once!"

Lucy's blue eyes danced at the thought of the joys crowded into the last few months. But all at once they became sober as the little girl went on with a sigh:

"I've seen so many wonderful sights in our travels that I'm afraid China will seem commonplace now."

"It isn't possible." Mr. Andrews shook his head positively.

"Why, my dear little niece," he went on, "China is one of the queerest, strangest places in the whole world. I haven't a doubt that I, as well as you, will keep opening my eyes wide with astonishment as much as ever we did before the tricks of Hindu jugglers and the beauties of the Vale of Kashmir."

"Pirates! Look out!"

At this unexpected cry behind them both Lucy and her uncle gave a sudden start. Then they laughed merrily as Joe sprang mischievously up beside them.

"You'd better not laugh. I'm in earnest. Indeed I am!" The boy spoke with the most serious face. "Here you two, up at the end of the bow, have been talking together as quietly as if nothing could happen, while every other passenger on board is excitedly watching what is going on and wondering if the city of Canton will be reached by this steamer without our being attacked. Aunt Nell, did you ever!"

As Joe finished speaking, he turned around to take the arm of his pretty little aunt who had followed him up into the bow.

"Pirates in these waters! And in these days! How ridiculous! Joe, you ought to be more careful about what you say. Don't you see that your sister is scared? You've set her a-trembling."

Mr. Andrews spoke sternly for almost the first time since the twins had been put in his care.

"I thought *of course* you knew," Joe answered, hastening to excuse himself. "You see, Uncle Ben, almost everybody on board is talking about pirates attacking us, and some armed guards are already on deck, and the iron gates have been locked across the entrances to the gangways—and—and—the ship's officers are on the lookout for pirates because

they sometimes take ships nearing shore by surprise, and jump aboard and seize *everything.*''

''The boy is not exaggerating,'' said a gentleman who had been standing near Mr. Andrews and had been listening to Joe's story. ''I am not fearful of any danger coming to us, however, because care has been taken by the ship's officers against surprise. But the fact is, the coast is infested with bands of pirates. Only last year, I think it was, a vessel was raided by them when it was actually in sight of Canton.''

''I just heard another passenger speaking of that raid,'' said Mrs. Andrews quickly. ''The story would have frightened me last evening as we left Hong Kong behind us. But now, after a good night's sleep, and with the morning sun rising, I feel quite safe.''

As the little lady spoke she smiled comfortingly at Lucy whose face was pale with fright.

''It's strange—very strange—that I had not heard a word about pirates,'' said Mr. Andrews. ''I thought I had read of every possible experience on our way, too. I'm quite provoked at myself for being so ignorant. However,''—he spoke gaily now—''I believe there will be no adventure for us with pirates this morning even though Joe might like nothing better than the excitement a meeting with them might give us.''

At this Joe chuckled. ''It *would* be a lark, twin

dear, wouldn't it?'' he asked, patting his sister's cheek with pretended tenderness. ''Only think, Lucy! they'd be Chinese pirates with pig-tails—not common everyday white men, and we wouldn't be able to understand their queer gibberish if they told us to hold up our arms and surrender.''

''There, there, Joe! enough of your teasing,'' cried Mr. Andrews. ''Let's talk about something else—the island of Hong Kong, for instance. While our steamer lay to there yesterday I almost wished we had decided to stay over for two or three days to explore the place and see the great amount of business the British do there.

''But since they own Hong Kong now, and there are almost as many British merchants and their families as Chinese natives on the island, I was ready to keep on with our ship to reach the mainland of China as soon as possible so as to see the yellow people where they are quite at home.''

''Hong Kong, I am told, is called the Gibraltar of the East,'' said Mrs. Andrews. ''A good name for it, too, with its mighty works!''

''As our steamer entered the port the city looked to me like a set of shelves,'' said Lucy. ''If I lived there, I'd like my house to be on the top shelf. The air there must be cool and one could see a great distance from such a height.''

''There's a fort!'' suddenly exclaimed Joe, pointing towards the shore. ''And there's another!''

They look like old-timers. I don't believe they would be of much use in protecting China from her enemies."

"This must be the Pearl River," said Mr. Andrews a few minutes afterwards. "We shall soon reach Canton now."

"I don't think the people chose a very good name for this river," said Lucy with a pucker in her forehead. "Ugh! How muddy the water is."

"But see how rich the soil must be along the shores." As Mr. Andrews spoke, he pointed to plantations of rice and bananas which the steamer was passing.

"And what thick underbrush in some places! I don't want to scare you, Lucy,—but really, what fine hiding-places for pirates." Joe's eyes danced though he tried to look serious.

"You can't scare me again." Lucy was trying to appear brave. "Our ship keeps so far out from shore, it couldn't be taken by surprise even if there are thirty thousand pirates hereabouts, as I just heard some one saying."

"Oh-h! the old strange, wonderful city of Canton! I can see it more and more plainly!" Mrs. Andrews broke into the twins' conversation excitedly. "And see! Above all rises the famous Five-Storied Pagoda!"

"And we'll ride in sedan chairs to visit it," cried Joe gleefully.

"But we won't eat any rats while we are in Canton—at least if we know it," said his sister with a laugh.

"Just now let's watch the boats around us—we can tell the Chinese boats by the eyes painted on them," said Joe.

"What a strange idea that a boat will go wrong if it doesn't have one eye in front and one behind," said Lucy. "But then, the Chinese are a strange people."

"As we will find out more and more while going about in their country," said Mr. Andrews.

By this time the shouting was so noisy on the boats that crowded the water on every hand that our travelers found it almost useless to try to talk. There was plenty to see, however, and the eyes of the thirteen-year-old twins were kept busy, turning now in one direction, now in another.

"Look!" cried Joe in his sister's ear as he spied a small boat close to the steamer's side. An old woman with wrinkled face and slanting eyes was steering the boat. At the same time she kept shouting to two boys with naked shoulders who were rowing the boat with a single big oar.

And now the twins watched other boats from which solemn-faced Chinamen were casting fish nets into the water. But every time, so far as Joe and Lucy could see, they drew the nets up empty, scolding and shouting at their bad fortune.

Other boats, the children noticed, were laden with vegetables which were being brought from the country to the city markets. Most interesting of all were the boats, scarcely better than roofed rafts, where whole families were keeping house.

"Such a clatter I never heard in the noisiest railway station of India," Lucy afterwards said to her aunt. "With the mothers on board rattling dishes as they got breakfast ready, and screaming at their children at the same time, and with roosters crowing in the tiny coops, and pigs grunting in their pens, it was the funniest sight I ever saw."

As the steamer drew near the wharf, the noise grew greater still—that is, if it were possible—for now the shouting of people on the crowded wharf mingled with that on the water, and although there was a high iron railing on the edge of the wharf to keep back the crowd, dozens of yellow men and boys came climbing over it to leap upon the boats nearest the shore.

From one to another of these they scurried till they reached the steamer and in the flash of an eye, as Joe would have said, appeared on the deck among the passengers, shouting and motioning wildly.

"What can the matter be?" Lucy thought as she clutched tight hold of her uncle.

She quickly understood. These newcomers were not pirates. Oh, no! They were simply workmen, or coolies, offering to carry the passengers wherever

they wished to go in the city close at hand. And so cheaply too, these poor men and boys were willing to work! There was not one of them unwilling to go long distances in the hot sun with a heavy load, for the sake of earning enough to buy the rice and other vegetables needed to keep him alive.

CHAPTER II

SIGHTSEEING

THE next half hour was so busy and exciting that the twins could scarcely remember afterwards all that had happened when they found themselves, each in a sedan chair, being lifted above the heads of the crowd on the wharf and carried quickly away by coolies.

"How comfortable I am!" Lucy said to herself as she settled back in her chair.

Then she began to examine it and found the framework was all bamboo, with a bamboo arch over her head supporting a cover, and with cushions of blue cotton cloth. The poles underneath the chair and resting on the coolies' shoulders were of springy bamboo, so that the little girl was carried along as lightly as if she were being tossed on a bed of feathers. From time to time she peeked out through the tiny windows in the side coverings to be sure her aunt and uncle and Joe were close at hand.

"Jolly, isn't it?" Joe shouted as he peeked back at his sister. But his bearers just then made such long strides forward that he lost her answer.

After a short ride all found themselves at the entrance of a bridge whose steel gates were now

opened by guards for them to pass through, and they were carried quickly across the bridge to a small and beautiful island.

"This is Shameen, where the white people of Canton live, safe and quiet," Mr. Andrews told the children when the coolies had stopped in front of a fine hotel, and the party had left the sedan chairs and stood looking about them.

"It doesn't seem a bit like China here," said Joe disappointedly.

"Of course not." Mr. Andrews smiled. "I told you this is where the *white* people of the city live—the French and British merchants doing business here, and travelers who visit Canton. We will have a good breakfast here; then your aunt and you twins can sit for a while under the trees near the hotel while I engage a guide. And after that we'll start out to see the real Canton."

"I must say that now summer is over we have the best season of the year ahead of us for sightseeing," said Mrs. Andrews in a pleased voice.

"We will find the weather fully warm enough down here in southern China," reminded her husband. "We are still in the tropics and it is only September, you must remember."

"I'm ever so hungry," said Joe with a sigh of longing. "Why, I could *almost* be willing to eat a rat stew."

"You won't be called upon to do so. I under-

stand it is against the law of China to sell rats for food nowadays, because the creatures carry the plague.''

At this Joe again looked disappointed. He didn't wish any of his beliefs about China spoiled, however horrid they might be. His uncle caught the look, so with a twinkle in his eyes he said quickly: ''But if you should be ill, Joe—if you should show signs of great weakness and we should call in a Chinese physician, he might prescribe the eating of a few rats for medicine.''

''Ugh!'' Lucy shivered. But she quickly forgot her disgust when the travelers had entered the hotel and made themselves at home in a charming suite of rooms shaded by big trees. Through the open spaces between them the twins could catch glimpses of the high walled city across the river.

''Let's hurry and get breakfast,'' begged Joe. ''The sooner we can start out sightseeing, the better, I say.''

''I hope we'll be served one of the Chinese special dainties this morning—a few of those birds' nests, perhaps, such as I've read about,'' said Lucy.

But both she and Joe were surprised to find a breakfast set before them such as they might have had in the United States.

''Never mind,'' their uncle comforted them. ''We'll have lunch this noon at a Chinese restaurant,

and then you shall have as many queer dishes as you may wish for."

An hour later everything was ready for a day in the city—a young Chinese guide called Wong had been hired, and a band of coolies stood waiting for orders in front of the hotel.

"Wong speaks English almost as well as we do," Joe whispered to his sister as she got into her chair.

"He has a nice face and his queue has been cut off," she replied. "I like him. He told Uncle Ben he's been to America and lived two years there, so I shall feel quite at home with him."

The next minute Wong had signed to the coolies to start, and had sprung into his own chair.

Away trotted the bearers over the bridge, through a gateway in the high city wall, and into the narrow crowded streets of Canton.

"Yum, yum!" sighed Joe in delight as he looked about him upon thousands of yellow people in strange costumes thronging the streets, queer sign boards in front of the shops, gay paper lanterns swinging above many a doorway, shrines with worshipers offering incense upon them, and peddlers making their way slowly through the crowds with bamboo poles swung over their shoulders.

At the end of some of these poles were crates containing dogs, cats and snakes to be sold in the market for food! One old coolie carried a pail of water with live fish in it at one end of his pole, while at

the other end hung a block of wood. Now and then the peddler stopped, drew out a fish from the pail, laid it on the block, cut off its head, and then handed it to a purchaser.

"This beats anything I had imagined," Joe said to himself. "I haven't seen a single thing that isn't different from what I ever saw before."

"Not a carriage or automobile in sight, either!" he added. "Nor a sidewalk! But how could there be in streets that are only three or four, or even five, yards wide?

"There are plenty of sedan chairs, however, and I guess all who can afford it ride in them, instead of trying to push their way through the crowd."

And now, as the bearers had to move slowly on account of the crowd, Joe was able to smile across at his sister who was looking, in a half-scared way, out between the parted curtains of her chair which happened to be just abreast of his.

"You are perfectly safe, twin dear," he called to her. "Uncle Ben and Aunt Nell are close behind us. I just caught a glimpse at them laughing over the lark we are having."

Thus made easy in her mind, Lucy proceeded to enjoy the odd sights around her. First of all were the funny signboards in front of the shops. Some of them stood on pedestals of granite. Others hung down from posts set in the walls of the building. All of them bore queer characters bright with paint

and gilding, one above the other on the long narrow boards of painted wood. The fronts of the shops were different from any Lucy had ever seen before, as they were decorated with much carving, some of it very fine and in odd patterns.

But the people! How sober were their yellow faces with slanting black eyes, noses that looked as if they must have been flattened by heavy blows when they were babies, and high cheek-bones! Many of the men had long queues hanging down their backs from below close-fitting, silken caps. The coolies wore little clothing except loose cotton trousers this warm day, and the queues of many of them were twisted around their heads. But nearly every one else, men, women, and children, Lucy noticed, wore loose-fitting jackets and trousers, and shoes with soft, thick soles.

There were few women to be seen except those of the working class. Chinese ladies. as Lucy had already heard, go seldom on tne streets, and then only in closely-curtained chairs.

All at once the crowd parted and Lucy's bearers stopped and drew to one side to let another chair pass by with ease. It was borne by eight coolies, and the hangings were of handsome green cloth. In it sat a noble-looking Chinese gentleman in a long silken robe of deep purple. Broad sleeves hung down so far as to nearly cover his hands; but Lucy was able to see long finger nails reaching out several

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"HOW SOBER WERE THEIR YELLOW FACES!"

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inches beyond the flesh. There were gold caps on the longest of these nails.

"I suppose," thought Lucy with a smile, "the caps have been put on to protect the nails. What queer fashions the Chinese have!"

But already her attention had been turned to the wide sash about the gentleman's waist. From it a pair of ivory chop sticks and a handsome tobacco case were hanging. As the gentleman moved on he opened a wide fan and began to fan himself.

"He looks so grand he must be some high official," Lucy decided.

The gentleman was scarcely out of sight when our travelers heard a great din in front of a shop they were passing. It was made by a group of blind beggars who were making loud cries to the shopkeeper to give them some money.

"Why doesn't he call for police?" thought Joe indignantly.

The lad did not know this would have done little good, and that the beggars of the city were banded together under a chief and are seldom arrested. So, for the sake of being left in peace, the shopkeeper threw a handful of coins to the beggars and they went away.

The next minute Joe was grinning at the sight of a handsomely dressed Chinese dandy who was picking his way carefully through the crowd with a

bird cage in one hand. From time to time the young man looked tenderly at the feathered pet within.

"Hm!" thought the boy who was watching him. "At home American ladies go about with fluffy poodles in their arms. But here it's the men who carry pets about, and birds at that! But what's the matter now?" Joe's chair had been suddenly brought to a standstill. So also had those of the rest of his party. Looking out, the boy could hear Wong explaining to his uncle the cause of the stop.

"A funeral procession is advancing," he was saying. "Every one must give way before it."

And now the air was filled with a din which Lucy and her aunt thought was quite as horrible as that made by the beggars. But to Chinese ears it was noble music; moreover it was made by one of the best bands in the city. Some of the instruments were different from any the twins had ever seen before. Among them were big metal drums which gave forth deafening sounds at every beat. Lucy held her hands to her ears till the band had passed on.

Behind the musicians came coolies laden with huge, wonderful-shaped pieces made of flowers, and then other coolies bearing trays loaded with tempting food spread out in dishes of finest porcelain.

Next followed a number of men in white garments, and behind them were sedan chairs with closely-drawn curtains.

"I suppose the women mourners are in the

chairs," thought Lucy. "But aren't there any children?"

Her thought was answered, for now a dozen coolies advanced, holding up an immense canopy with curtains hanging down from the top. Beneath this canopy marched a group of boys and girls whose moving feet were the only part of them Lucy could see.

And now still other coolies followed with more flowers, and more trays filled with dainty Chinese dishes.

Solemn as a funeral procession generally seems, Joe had hard work to keep from laughing at the band of women in the middle of this one. They were evidently hired mourners. They pretended to be filled with grief, and kept rubbing their eyes with huge towels.

"As if their tears were falling in bucketfuls," Joe told his sister when the party had stopped at a restaurant for lunch.

"What a lovely place!" cried Lucy as she took her place with the others at a carved teakwood table and looked around her. "Chinese lanterns hanging from the ceiling, Chinese paintings on the walls and——"

"Chinamen with towchangs—Wong tells me that's the Chinese name for queues, but I've always called them pig-tails—to wait on us," Joe broke in.

"It is certainly pleasant here," said Mrs. An-

drews. "I can eat my lunch in this nice place without fear of what I may be swallowing, as Wong has told us that travelers from the West often visit this restaurant."

"What shall we order?" asked her husband. "For one thing I think some venison would be good. There are many deer in China, I understand, so the dish is very common."

"And I'll certainly ask for a pot of tea," said Mrs. Andrews. "It will be most refreshing, and will seem all the more delicious as I think of its being raised in this country."

"The waiter won't bring you any milk for it, I'll just——"

"Don't forget and say *bet,* Joe," Lucy interrupted. "You know you've agreed to pay me a forfeit of two cash every time you use the word."

"Hm! I was going to say *guess.* So, Lucy Grayson! As for a fine of two cash, that isn't much of a forfeit, remember, when it takes five cash to equal the value of one cent. Listen!"

With that Joe began to jingle the coin that nearly filled one of his pockets. "Anybody hearing that at home would think I had piles of spending money, wouldn't he?"

"Many a poor coolie is pleased when he has ten cents' worth of cash to spend in a day," said Mr. Andrews in a serious voice. "The Chinese can

teach us how to live cheaply better than any people I know.''

''Most of them *have* to live cheaply,'' remarked Mrs. Andrews. ''However, suppose we finish making out our lunch order.''

''I'd like some preserved plums,'' said Lucy promptly. ''And a dish of rice, of course, with chicken and vegetables all cut up in it.''

''A bird's nest for me,'' added Joe promptly. ''I asked our waiter at the hotel about birds' nests. He says they are delicious. A kind of swallow makes them. The feathers of the lining are scraped away and the nests are washed carefully before they are cooked. When ready for the table birds' nests are quite white and taste a little like blancmange.''

''The Chinese end a dinner with soup and begin it with what we would consider dessert,'' said Mr. Andrews. ''Now, suppose we begin our lunch with a particularly delicious dish—cockroaches stewed in honey.''

''Ugh! Ugh!'' cried the twins, while Mrs. Andrews turned white.

''But the Chinese consider them ever so good,'' persisted Mr. Andrews. ''They also think a dish of worms, when fried crisp, almost as good as stewed cockroaches.''

''The chickens can have my share,'' said Joe with a look of disgust.

''Oh, dear!'' exclaimed Lucy, who had just no-

ticed a Chinaman eating at a nearby table. "Will we have to use chop-sticks? I'm sure I couldn't use them to-day, anyway."

"Don't worry. Here comes the waiter with knives and forks. He knows we are Americans," said Joe with a laugh. "He's been watching us ever since we came into the restaurant. I guess you and I, Lucy, are curiosities to him. Yellow-haired, white twins can't be *very* common in this city."

"Ah! this spread looks delicious," said Mr. Andrews as a dish of well-cooked venison was placed in front of him and around it other foods quite as tempting. There were the rice and chicken Lucy had asked for, the birds' nests which Joe had proposed, besides pickled nuts, rich preserves and some smoking bamboo shoots which looked much like asparagus.

"I thought we would enjoy these shoots," said Mrs. Andrews, when she had tasted them. "But they are almost as tough as leather. The Chinese evidently like them half cooked."

As the party ate they talked merrily of what they had seen that morning, while at the same time Joe and Lucy stole many a glance at two Chinamen sitting at the next table. The Chinamen were eating with bamboo chop-sticks held between the thumb and finger of the right hand. With these the food was brought to the eaters' mouths without dropping a

particle. So deftly the Chinamen ate that the bowls in front of them were soon emptied, and they were ready for the balls of bean meal cooked in sugar which formed their next course.

After that the waiter brought them a dish of eggs served with seaweed. The twins' eyes opened wide at sight of it.

"Perhaps those eggs are forty years old," Joe whispered to his sister. "Wong tells me that to the Chinese taste the older eggs are the better, and that they aren't thought fit to eat till forty days after being laid."

At this Lucy shuddered, as she answered, "I'll eat no eggs in China!"

When lunch was finished our travelers started out to visit some of the shops and markets. Just as in India, they found that articles of only one kind were to be found in a street, and that they could watch the people making them there, as well as buy them all finished.

Lucy and her aunt laughed as they rode through the "Street of Tooth-brushes." Many hogs are raised in China as the people eat quantities of pork, so bristles for tooth-brushes are plentiful. A great part of the brushes, however, are sent to other lands, America receiving most of all.

Such queer names as the streets had! One of them was the "Street of Benevolence," and another was the "Street of One Thousand Grandsons." A third

one, where Lucy kept her nose covered because of the disagreeable smells, was "The Street of Refreshing Breezes."

The streets were so narrow they were scarcely more than lanes. Many of them had coverings of matting or plates of oyster shell so that the hot sun should not shine down upon the people below nor upon the wares spread upon the counters in front of many of the shops.

Our travelers stopped at a shop whose signboard bore the Chinese characters standing for "Never-ending success." There were rich silks here, and after looking at the tempting colors for a long while, Mrs. Andrews purchased a piece of deep blue silk for her little niece.

"I will have it made in Chinese fashion," she promised herself. "It shall have a loose tunic with wide sleeves embroidered with gold thread, and the sash shall be wide, of course. By and by I'll purchase some scarlet satin slippers. Then, when we go back to New York, Lucy can appear as a Chinese maiden at a party I'll give her."

While the little lady was making the purchase the rest of the party were looking around the shop at the handsome counters and shelves of polished wood, and at the shrine at one side. It was a sacred spot to the owner. Every morning he worshiped at this shrine, and burned incense there in honor

of the god who, he believed, presided over the silk trade.

In another street the travelers passed shop after shop where exquisite porcelain was for sale, and Mr. Andrews was not satisfied till he had purchased a tea-set for his wife. It was decorated with birds having long, graceful tails whose feathers were partly yellow, partly scarlet. The backs of the birds were of the richest yellow, and their throats and breasts were of a glorious purple.

"They are pheasants, I haven't a doubt," Mr. Andrews cried with boyish pleasure. "They are often seen here in China, Wong tells me."

Soon afterwards the party visited a jeweler's shop where many jade ornaments were for sale.

"Jade is such a beautiful green, I don't wonder it is a favorite stone with the Chinese," remarked Mrs. Andrews. "Yet I don't understand why they prefer it to diamonds."

Last of all, our travelers went to the markets, and there Joe and Lucy were often amused at the things they saw for sale. Among them were eggs as black as ink, which Wong explained were very valuable because they were perhaps a hundred years old.

Besides vegetables which were familiar to the twins, they saw the petals of chrysanthemums and other flowers ready for eating; and there were quantities of preserved ginger and sugar cane, and preserved melon and lotus root.

Lucy watched two little Chinese boys in bright red, picking out bits of these dainties with wire forks ready for this purpose. For each bit they handed the shopkeeper one or two cash. As they went away munching the dainties, Wong said to Joe: "A Chinaman likes something in his mouth all the time. Maybe it is a melon seed, maybe a bit of sugar cane."

Of course there were quantities of rice for sale in the market, and bean meal and shell fish of different kinds. There was pork in plenty, and in a barrel Joe passed he noticed what Wong told him were dried cockroaches.

There were chickens and ducks and geese in great numbers too. But what made Joe and his sister feel bad was the sight of live cats and dogs in cages, as well as dead ones, hung up for sale. And there were stands where cat and dog flesh were being cooked for the buyers who stood there waiting to carry away packages of the hot meat.

Never a dimple could be seen in Lucy's pretty face now. As she looked at the sight before her, her mouth quivered.

"I suppose," said Joe, trying to comfort his sister, "it isn't *really* any worse to eat dog meat than lamb or chicken, or even little sucking pigs."

"But dogs *know* so much," Lucy answered quickly.

SIGHTSEEING

"I think we've seen enough for one day," said Mr. Andrews, coming up to the children and glancing at his niece's face. "Suppose we go back to our hotel for dinner and a good night's sleep."

CHAPTER III

IN THE LONG AGO

"WELL, children," said Mrs. Andrews, "from what you have seen to-day, what do you think of China?"

"That it must be the queerest place in the world," said Joe promptly.

"*I* think I'd get lost if I were left alone anywhere in it for five minutes. I certainly could never have found my way back to this hotel from the minute we passed through the city gate." Lucy drew a long face.

"Nor I." Mr. Andrews laughed. "That's why I hired Wong to go about with us. Canton is the most confusing place I ever visited. But we must remember that the cities form a small part of China. It's an immense country. Why, China proper is nearly one-half the size of the United States and there are still other provinces which make the republic a vast one indeed."

"What old faces the Chinese have!" said Joe. "Even the children look old."

"China itself is old—very old," Mr. Andrews said. "When most of the people of the Western world were living like savages, the Chinese built

strong cities; had printed books; erected mighty walls and bridges. They invented the compass, using it more than two thousand years before Jesus lived. They were the first people in the world to make silk, and wore rich silken garments when the people of the West clad themselves in the skins of wild animals. They found out how to make delicate porcelain, and drank from cups as thin as egg shells when people in other lands used heavy earthenware. They studied the stars; they wrote lofty poems, and books filled with helpful thoughts."

"Whew!" Joe whistled. "But you can't claim they are ahead of us now, Uncle Ben!" he added quickly.

"No, my lad. They seem to have gone to sleep, or fallen into a doze at any rate, and remained dozing for several thousand years. That is why we will find Chinese farmers with the same kind of plows their ancestors used. We will see people paddling along the rivers and canals in clumsy boats exactly like those made two or three thousand years ago. Even the Chinese coins which you are rattling in your pockets are of the same kind as those spent by the boys and girls of the long ago of China."

"But China is waking up now, isn't she?" Lucy asked hopefully. "You told us on the voyage here that its government is better than it has been because it's a republic now. You also said how much white missionaries have taught the people, and that

many young Chinamen are being sent to the United States to learn our ways and get a good education."

"Yes, and you spoke too about the Chinese government working hard to keep opium from being imported into the country. I suppose," Joe went on thoughtfully, "the use of that awful drug has been one cause of the people going to sleep."

"I have no doubt of it." Mr. Andrews spoke sadly. "Opium deadens the mind and weakens the body."

"Two Chinamen who were almost skeletons passed me to-day," said Mrs. Andrews. "Probably they are sufferers from the opium habit, and will soon die from its use."

"I wonder if Marco Polo found the Chinese smoking opium," said Joe. "Now I think of it, I guess no white man ever had a better chance to see the country than he did. I'd like to have been with him."

"Why, Joe?" asked Lucy, who had not read as much about the noted Italian as her brother.

"Because the Chinese emperor actually made him the governor of a province! It's one of the most interesting things I ever heard of," the boy ran on, "the way Marco Polo's father and uncle traveled from Europe to China away back in the thirteenth century, and were kindly treated by people who had never seen a white man before, yet were

ready to listen to the stories their visitors told them about Europe. They were so filled with wonder at what they heard, they even wrote a letter for the two Polos to carry back to Italy, asking for one hundred wise white men to be sent to China to teach her people."

"Well?" Lucy's eyes were full of questioning. "Did the one hundred wise men go?"

"Indeed they didn't, because I suppose so many couldn't be gathered together in those days. But young Marco went back with his father and uncle. It took them four years to get there, too! But they were rewarded because the Chinese received them with great honor. They admired young Marco particularly, and he was made the governor of a town, as I said before. He held that post for three years."

"Afterwards, when he returned to Italy, he wrote the story of his life in China. But what do you think! His own people wouldn't believe a great deal of what he said—it was so marvelous."

"It might be hard for some of the boys and girls in our country to believe all that we could tell them of our sightseeing to-day," said Lucy merrily.

"Uncle Ben, are you going to take us all through China?" asked Joe eagerly. "I hope so."

"No, Joe." Mr. Andrews shook his head. "One reason is that we haven't the time to spare. Another is that our traveling wouldn't be as safe and

comfortable as it was in India, thanks to the fine railroads the British have built there."

Mr. Andrews stopped for a moment and looked into his nephew's earnest face with a smile.

Then he went on: "A large part of the plains of Eastern China is cut up into tiny farms; while farther back, in the mountainous country, men also work hard to raise enough grain to feed their families, even though the soil is rocky."

"There are farms not far from us here in Canton, aren't there?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, and we will ride out to see them this week. From there I guess we can get a good idea of those in other parts of the country."

"But the crops can't be of the same kind all over China," observed Joe. "Here in the south it's very warm; but farther north it must be much cooler."

"Just so. Consequently," said Mr. Andrews, "cotton and rice and sugar grow best here. Then, as the tropical lands are left behind, the tea plantations are found, and north of these, wheat, corn and the like are raised on the farms."

"Gee! China is a big country," cried Joe.

"And a very rich one," his uncle went on. "It is rich in the soil of its farms, and rich also in minerals. The mountains contain great quantities of coal and iron. And yet"—Mr. Andrews spoke sadly now—"the people are for the most part very poor and there are many millions of them who barely

manage to raise enough food to keep themselves and their families alive.''

''Oh, dear!'' Lucy sighed. ''In India it made me feel bad to hear of so many starving children. And now you tell me that in China they have a hard time too. It must be even harder for most of the girls here because they have their feet bound.''

As she finished the sentence Lucy jumped up from her chair excitedly and with flashing eyes went on: ''The little girls I saw to-day, hobbling along on poor little stubs of feet, almost made me cry. 'Golden lilies,' the Chinese call them. What a ridiculous name to give to feet like those! Only think of what the girls have to suffer month after month while their feet are being deformed so horribly!''

''We may well be thankful, Lucy, that foot binding is being slowly done away with,'' Mrs. Andrews said comfortingly. ''Societies opposed to the practice are being formed all over China.''

''I wonder if the Chinese have always bound their daughters' feet,'' said Lucy.

''For fourteen hundred years or more, I believe,'' answered her uncle. ''In the long ago one of the wives of a certain emperor thought she might please her lord by making her feet like the 'new moon.' We can blame her for setting one of the worst fashions ever thought of by human beings.''

''In one respect the poor girls in this country

are better off than the daughters of the rich,'' continued Mrs. Andrews. ''The feet of many of them have not been bound, because they could work better with feet left in the shape Mother Nature gave them.''

''But rich girls have had to suffer enough!'' said Joe hotly. ''No getting out of foot-binding for them, poor things! Otherwise, when they grew up their parents couldn't have found husbands for them and they would have felt disgraced to the end of their days.''

''I wonder if somebody once set the fashion for the men of wearing their hair in queues,'' said Lucy.

''That custom started in a very different way from the one of foot-binding,'' answered Mr. Andrews quickly. ''It came about when the Manchus marched down from the north and conquered China. They ordered that every Chinaman must henceforth wear a queue as a sign of his being a subject of Manchuria. From that time on, every boy's head in the country was shaved except on the crown where the hair was allowed to grow, and from there to hang down the back in a long braid.''

''Now, the Chinese are a wily people,'' Mr. Andrews went on with a laugh. ''While they did as they were commanded, they soon brought it about that the queue was a mark of honor because every criminal was ordered to have it cut off on his entrance into prison.''

"I passed a funny sight to-day." Joe chuckled. "Two Chinamen were quarreling at a street corner. They got angry and began to fight. In the scuffle they pulled each other's pig-tails so hard that it made them cry out more than once."

"Were the Chinese always free till the Manchus conquered them?" asked Lucy.

"For two or three million years they claim that they were a powerful people," Mr. Andrews replied. "They will tell you, perhaps, that their earliest rulers were gods from heaven and that after these gods giants came, who worked magic and had lives thousands of years long. But these things are told of only in the legends of the people, remember.

"In their books of history, however, there are stories of an emperor who ruled nearly three thousand years ago and who taught his subjects to live in peace with each other, and who invented, as many Chinese believe, the arts of music and numbers."

"Three thousand years ago!" cried Joe. "The Chinese children have a good deal of history to learn, I reckon."

"Books of history we can depend on go back only eight or nine hundred years before Christ," Mr. Andrews said with a smile. "And the first Chinaman who became a really great emperor was Ching Wong, who set up his rule over the country about 200 B.C. and had many a fight with the Tartars, wild soldier-people who lived north of China.

It was Ching Wong who built the Great Wall of China to shut out the Tartars. A tremendous undertaking it was too—one of the wonders of the world."

"I wish we could visit the Great Wall." Joe spoke as if he did not have much hope of doing so.

Mr. Andrews shook his head doubtfully.

"Did the Chinese have any other great ruler besides Ching Wong?" asked Lucy.

"Indeed, yes. They have had several emperors noted for their great deeds. One of these was Kublai Khan, the emperor who entertained Marco Polo and who completed the Grand Canal, a work almost as wonderful as that of the Great Wall."

"Shall we see the Grand Canal?" broke in Joe.

"Before many days, and we shall see for ourselves what a useful waterway it is through the country."

"What happened after the rule of Kublai Khan?" persisted Lucy.

"One ruler followed another, holding the people together more or less successfully. Then came the Mings, one of whom, Yung, was a strong sovereign. But after him there were several weak ones.

"At last a rebellion broke out among the people. The commander of the Chinese army could not put it down. 'Come and help me,' he begged the Manchu Tartars beyond the Great Wall.

"They did as he asked and succeeded in putting

down the rebellion. Then, naturally, the Manchus refused to leave China to herself, and set up their own government there. And they kept their rule over the country till only a short time ago, when China had a revolution and became a republic."

"I'm sorry," said Joe, gaping, "but I'm afraid I'm too sleepy to listen to anything more about the history of China to-night."

"You and Lucy ought to have been in bed an hour ago," said his aunt, looking at her watch. "But I've been so interested in what your uncle was telling us that I forgot how tired you must be."

CHAPTER IV

THE LETTER TO FU AND MU

"I'M going to call this afternoon on my old friend, Dr. Dickson," said Mr. Andrews, coming into the private sitting-room of the hotel where his wife and the twins were reading. "Joe, would you like to go with me? I feel sure the Doctor is jolly as ever, though I haven't seen him since the day we two graduated from college. Even then he had decided to become a medical missionary and go to China."

"While you, planning to go into business, liked boys and girls so much that you promised yourself to be a Sunday-school teacher," said Mrs. Andrews with a smile.

"It couldn't have been long afterwards that you became a Sunday-school superintendent," said Joe. "And that's why you wanted to visit the East so you could tell the children at home all about the life here. Maybe some of them, after listening to your stories, will want to become missionaries."

"Maybe, Joe. I don't see how they can help it. Well, let us start. Wong and the chair-bearers are waiting for us in front of the hotel."

"I'm going to spend the afternoon writing to

Daddy and Mummie," Lucy told her aunt as her uncle and Joe disappeared.

"I will write a letter too," said Mrs. Andrews. "We've done so much sightseeing the last few days it will do us both good to keep quiet."

Five minutes afterwards two pens were busily at work, as Lucy and her aunt described scenes in Canton on paper.

Lucy smiled as she began her letter to "Dear Fu and Mu."

"That's a funny way of addressing one's father and mother, isn't it?" she wrote on. "But when one is in China, one should do as the Chinese do, don't you think so?

"First of all, I want to tell you how glad we all were to get your letters when we arrived in Canton and to learn that you were well and happy, and pleased that Joe and I are having such a wonderful time.

"I wish, Daddy dear, you'd hurry up and make a fortune down there in South America. Then you and Mummie could go traveling with Joe and me to other places in the world after Uncle Ben's vacation is over and he and Aunt Nell have to go back to New York.

"Oh, what fun it would be if you could sail up here to China to meet us! But I suppose you are too busy shipping coffee away from Rio to think

of leaving now, so Joe and I must use our eyes here for you and Mummie dear.

"Such strange things as we have been seeing ever since we reached Canton! What would you think of looking on at a fight between two crickets? I saw this very thing happen at a street corner yesterday. A Chinaman held a tray with a wide rim in his hands, and on it were two crickets whose heads he kept tickling till they got angry and flew fiercely at each other. A crowd of people gathered around the tiny fighters seemed greatly amused.

"Or how would you enjoy the puppet show Joe and I saw this morning? This, too, was in the street. The puppets were worked with strings from behind the stand, and we watched the play, which was very funny, through the glass front of the stand. We might not have stopped to see it if the man who owned it had not struck a gong to get our attention.

"You might want something to eat as you ride along in your sedan chair. So, perhaps, you would like to buy one of the long green sticks a peddler offers you. It is sugar cane. You bite off a piece, suck the juice from it, and then throw it away.

"But if you are really hungry you may wish to buy a dish of hot soup from the man who is passing you with a portable kitchen. Or perhaps you would prefer some cakes which another peddler is frying over a tiny charcoal stove. They are made of bean meal and look quite tempting.

"You must not spend too much time eating or watching that juggler making believe cut off a man's head, because there are some sights that you would not miss for anything.

"For instance, you must certainly visit the Temple of Five Hundred Genii. It is full of idols, some of them most dreadful to look at. The priests carry fans. But so, for that matter, does nearly every other Chinaman I've seen. Oh, you must certainly notice the gilded statue of Marco Polo in the Temple before you leave, and perhaps you will do what the Chinaman ahead of you is doing. He is lighting some joss sticks and placing them in a vase in front of the statue. It is easy to see that Marco Polo is still honored in this country.

"There are over one hundred temples in Canton, but you won't care to visit them all. Of course you will go to the Ancestors' Temple, which I suppose is the grandest and best kept one. It is decorated in the most fanciful way, but I suppose every figure carved on it has a meaning for the Chinese worshipers.

"The Chinese, you know, worship their ancestors —that is, all who have not become Christians, and the number of Christians is not very large yet. Isn't it a strange idea, to keep doing honor and saying prayers to dead people? The more faithfully the Chinese worship their ancestors, and the more sons are born to parents to keep up the worship,

the better for them, they believe. And so there are shrines in the homes, and shrines in the shops, and shrines to be seen wherever one goes, where incense is being burned as an offering to one's ancestors.

"Uncle Ben says that there are three religions here in China—Buddhism, Taoism, and Confucianism, but the principal belief is that the people must worship their dead. They fear, if they don't give enough thought to them, their ancestors will punish them in one way or another.

"I understand that Confucius was a very wise man. He taught his people to treat their parents with tender love, and that they should honor their memory. But after he died his followers twisted his teachings into such a knot they came to believe he meant them to *worship* their ancestors. They don't *dare* nowadays to do anything different. Isn't it sad?

"But dear me! Let's return to our sightseeing. We will go to a very strange place now—the City of the Dead.

"We want a bright sunny day for this visit, as the City of the Dead is not very cheerful.

"Ah! here we are. We find ourselves walking through a passage-way with avenues on each side bordered with flowers. Along our way are handsomely decorated jars, as well as many banners and

altars. On the altars are objects, bright with tinsel and gilt, representing flowers and animals.

"We are so busy looking at these that at first we do not notice the stalls on either side of the arcade. We peer into these stalls and discover they hold coffins waiting for the right time to be buried.

" 'The *right* time?' I asked our guide Wong.

" 'Yes,' he answered. 'My people sometimes wait months before the priests decide where the body had best be buried, and whether the time has come when it will be well for the soul who dwelt in it for the burial to take place.'

"Isn't that odd? And isn't it also odd that the Chinese wear white when they are in mourning? For my part, I like it better than black which helps to keep folks gloomy. Don't you think so?

"I haven't told you half that I wish, but my hand is tired writing so I will stop for to-day.

"Most lovingly,

"Your happy daughter,

"LUCY."

As Lucy wrote the last word she looked up to find that her aunt had left the room without her knowing it. The next instant Joe came bursting in with rosy cheeks and eyes aglow.

"I've had a great time, twin dear," he said. "Dr. Dickson is as jolly as can be—you'd never think he is a missionary physician. His son John is just like

him. John has yellow hair and blue eyes like us twins—is a year older than us and, only think! he was born here in China and has never been to the United States. That comes pretty near being Chinese, doesn't it?''

Lucy joined in her brother's laugh.

''Is he coming over here to see us?'' she asked.

''Yes, and he's going to bring his adopted sister Gundi with him. She's *really* Chinese—black hair, slanting eyes, and all that. She's ever so nice, though very quiet. John seems very fond of her.''

''I'm so glad we are to get acquainted.'' Lucy clapped her hands.

''Yes! Dr. Dickson and Uncle Ben have agreed that our families are to take trips together on the river and out into the country. And, oh, Lucy!'' Joe ran on, ''what do you think! John has almost been on a tiger hunt.''

''*Almost!*'' Lucy laughed merrily.

''I mean just that—you needn't make fun of me, either. He went with a hunting party nearly to the place where tigers—the regular man-eating kind—are found. They hide in caves in the wild country beyond us, and a hunter takes his life in his hand when he enters one of those caves, because the way in is the only way out. The man often has to crawl on his belly through the narrowest sort of passage. Then, as it opens up, he peers carefully ahead of

him with only a torch to throw light into the darkness.

"At any moment the wicked green eyes of a snarling tiger may appear close in front of him. One spring of the beast, one snap of his sharp teeth, and the end of that hunter! So he must be cool and quick, and his shot must hit a vital spot."

Lucy shuddered. "Did John Dickson tell you all that?" she asked.

"Yes, and a heap more. He described the way a farmer he heard about saved his life by keeping cool. He was some distance from the village, and night was coming on. Suddenly he heard a stealthy stride through the tall grass at his side. He knew what that meant—a tiger was close upon him."

"What *did* he do?" said Lucy breathlessly.

"Opening an umbrella he had in his hand, he pointed it at the beast. You'd scarcely believe it, Lucy, but that tiger turned tail, and fled! Sometimes a little thing causes fear, doesn't it? Anyhow, that man-eater was scared at the sight of an umbrella."

"How strange!" said Lucy. "But tell me, does John Dickson go to school here in Canton?"

"His father taught him till a year ago. But as there is a good American school here where boys are fitted for college, John has been to it lately. When he graduates he's going to the United States

to finish his education and be trained to become a physician."

"And say, Lucy!" Joe ran on, "he told me a lot about Chinese schools—the old sort where only boys go. There haven't been schools of any kind for girls till recently. Their fathers haven't thought them worth having an education."

"I wonder if John can read Chinese books. I looked through one the other day, and found it full of funny signs such as we see in front of the shops."

"Yes, John told me he has read several of the books. But it took him a long time before he could make much out of the simplest stories. The Chinese, so he told me, haven't any alphabet—only signs. John gave me my first lesson in the written language. Look!"

As Joe spoke he drew a paper out of his pocket and held it up before Lucy's eyes.

"I made these characters myself," he went on. "See how easy it is to make the word man—two strokes of your brush and you have it. The Chinese don't use pens, but brushes of camel's hair stuck into bamboo handles. John has practiced using one of these brushes so he can write as fast as a Chinaman, I guess. It seems simple enough, doesn't it? But since there are many thousands of signs in the language, there's a deal to learn."

"And this is another thing John told me," Joe continued. "You mustn't try to read Chinese in

the same way as you do English. You must begin at the right of a page and read from the bottom of the column upwards."

"How funny!" Lucy laughed. "So many things in China seem topsy-turvy to me. I wonder if the schools are at all like schools in the United States. Did John tell you anything about them?"

"Yes! He spoke of how much they are improving, and that there are ever so many more good ones than there used to be. There are some girls' schools now, and once upon a time there were none. And there are a few colleges in the country. John says the Chinese admire learning. But he made me laugh over his description of the old-fashioned schools. To begin with, the pupils not only study their lessons aloud, but when they recite they stand with their backs to the teacher. Poor things! School lasts all day long and every day in the week, because most Chinese, as we've found out already, don't observe Sunday."

"What a shame," Lucy put in, "that they don't even know the *meaning* of Sunday!"

"Of course it is!" Joe's eyes flashed. The next minute he added: "But they do have some pleasant holidays—New Year's, for instance, which I guess is the best one. Then, when there's a new moon, the people sometimes have a celebration, and also when the moon is full. And there are flower festi-

vals when certain trees and plants are in blossom, and everybody goes outdoors to enjoy them."

"I suppose it's a great day for a Chinese boy when he goes to school for the first time."

"Yes indeedy! He is as proud as a peacock, so John says, when the time comes for him to be given into the hands of the schoolmaster. He puts on a long coat that reaches to his ankles; a close cap is placed on his head, and he marches down the street beside his father to the school chosen for him."

"What happens when he gets there?" asked Lucy.

"He makes a deep bow to the teacher. He also bows low before a tablet sacred to the wise Confucius. Then, perhaps, according to the old custom, he receives a new name. It may be 'Son of Wisdom' perhaps."

"After this he takes his place among the other pupils who scarcely dare to look at him lest they get a beating. No Chinese school for me!" Joe's eyes danced.

"Hm! Aunt Nell has told me that Chinese children are sometimes *pinched* instead of beaten." Lucy spoke indignantly. "What do you think of that, Joe Grayson?"

"That I'm glad I was born in the U. S. A. Also, twin dear, that I had forgotten having bought something from a street peddler for you. See!"

As Joe spoke he took a package out of his pocket and handed it to his sister.

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Lucy as she opened the package and lifted out one tiny doll after another made of candied sugar.

"These are too odd to eat," she exclaimed in delight. "Why, they look like real Chinamen. I'll save them to take home for curiosities."

CHAPTER V

A CHINESE WEDDING

"I'M as glad as can be to see you, Gundi dear," said Lucy as she helped her young friend take off her coat. "We can have a nice time together all the morning. Then this afternoon Joe and John will be back from their trip into the country with Uncle Ben, and *perhaps* we'll have a boat ride on the river."

Gundi's black eyes shone. They were often a little sad, but they were very happy now as she looked into Lucy's loving face.

"It was good to have a holiday so I could come to visit you," she answered. "But I love my school, —my mother-teacher is so kind and makes the lessons so easy." Gundi often called Mrs. Dickson, whom she loved dearly, "Mother-teacher."

"How dreadful it would have been if she had not found me," Gundi told Lucy later on as the two girls were walking arm in arm under the trees. "Think of it! my father did not like to look at me. He said he already had too many daughters, but sons were always welcome. He scowled at my mother as he spoke and that made her eyes look like rain-clouds, so heavy they were. Oh, she was

very sorry for me that I was a girl and was to suffer like other girls!

"Yet she, my own dear mother," Gundi went on, "bound my feet, though knowing the pain it must bring me. Her own feet had been bound, else she would have been a disgrace to her family.

"So, in love, she began the bending of mine into clumsy stubs." Gundi spoke bitterly. "Each day the suffering grew worse. Night after night I lay awake in my bed, with tears rolling down my cheeks. Sometimes I sobbed, though I tried not to make a sound. Then, perhaps, my mother would hobble into my room and pat my hot cheeks; and once or twice she took off the bandages and bathed my feet in hot water.

"Lucy"—Gundi's voice was very low now—"sometimes I wanted to die in those days. It seemed hard to have to live. I looked into the river, and longed to throw myself into it—I a little girl only four years old."

"Poor child!" said Lucy, gently pressing her friend's arm. "How dreadful it was!"

"But think! a friend was coming to help me, and I did not know it." Gundi's voice brightened. "It was Mrs. Dickson who had taken charge of the mission school near my home. She visited my mother. Dr. Dickson had already made a friend of my father, so that he began to think kindly of Christians. And before long—before long, Lucy—I was

sent to the mission school. And after a while Mrs. Dickson adopted me as her own little daughter. My feet were unbound and I was free and happy at last."

"How lovely!" exclaimed Lucy. "I am so glad for you."

As the two girls talked on, Gundi told about the games she watched her brothers play before she left her Chinese home.

"One of the games is blind-man's buff," she said, "and they play it just as American children do. Then there is a game which John says is like the English one of battledore and shuttlecock, only the boy hits the shuttlecock with his foot instead of with a wooden battledore. And there are tops. Oh, yes, my brothers had many tops. But they loved kite-flying better than anything else. They had kites made in different shapes, and my father and grandfather would often go with them on breezy days to fly them. Men in my country enjoy the sport as much as boys."

Lucy laughed. "Why shouldn't they?" she said. "I always thought it must be fun to fly kites. And when I saw some beautiful ones in a shop the other day I told Joe I'd like to buy them and set them flying, even if I am a girl."

Nothing more was said for a few minutes. Then Lucy broke in, "I wish I could see a Chinese wedding procession. Wong told me there was to be a

grand one early this morning. But as he and Uncle Ben were to be away to-day, Aunt Nell said she and I must not think of going to look at it alone."

"If you had been staying at my house you could have seen it start off," Gundi answered. "The bride you heard about belongs to a wealthy family and her home is opposite mine. I watched her from my window as she went away. An elegant red sedan chair had some time before been brought to her door and carried inside.

"I could not see what next happened, but I imagined it all as I stood at my window. The picture was in my mind of the bride dressed in elegant red silk, and with her cheeks painted a bright red, having her head covered with a thick veil. Then she seated herself in the sedan chair into which four cakes of bread were thrown after her for good luck. The curtains were drawn close and she was carried outdoors. After that my eyes were kept busy watching what happened. As the bride was borne down the street to her new home she was not alone, by any means. To begin with, her bridesmaids were close by in other chairs. In front of all marched men carrying gaily painted lanterns.

"There were still other men in the procession, some holding up an immense red umbrella, some of them carrying torches, and still others playing on musical instruments. Of course the brothers and friends of the bride also marched in the procession,

and of course fireworks were sent off along the way."

"But where was the bridegroom?" Lucy looked puzzled.

"Waiting to receive the bride at his own home. And, Lucy, she had never met him—never *looked* at him in her life, never *talked* with him! His parents and hers had agreed on the marriage, and that settled it."

"Uncle Ben says that the Chinese are fast learning the ways of Western people and finding many of them better than their own. So by and by, Gundi," —Lucy spoke hopefully—"perhaps every girl in China will be as free and happy as you. No foot binding then! And no home without love in it!"

"Look!" cried Gundi. "Do you see a company moving this way?"

"It's our party back from the country!" exclaimed Lucy in delight. "And Joe is waving his hand to us."

Shortly afterwards Mr. Andrews, Wong and the boys alighted in the hotel courtyard to find two little girls waiting for them with bright, eager faces, and ready to listen to the story of their adventures.

"We've had the dandiest time, Lucy!" cried Joe, as his uncle and Wong went into the hotel. "Let's go to the place where we caught sight of you and Gundi under the trees. Then John and I will tell you about the trip.

"To begin with," Joe ran on when the four children had settled themselves in a shady spot, "I've learned a lot about China the last few days. I've seen groves of mulberry trees, and watched water buffaloes at work. I've picked sugar cane to my heart's content and sucked the sweet juice out of it till my mouth was tired. I've watched Chinese boys and girls gathering firewood—in other words, collecting dried grass and twigs for the tiny fires over which their mothers manage to cook the meals.

"Oh, yes! and we visited a farm where peanuts are the principal thing raised. We visited another place where rice grows and the farmer gathers three crops of it in a year. We stayed all night in an uncomfortable Chinese inn. We——"

"Joe, look at your sister," John broke in laughingly. "Don't you see you have almost taken her breath away? Why not tell about one thing at a time?"

"Well!" Then Joe stopped. "What shall we speak about first, John? Everything we saw was so interesting it's hard to choose."

"Suppose we consider mulberry groves and silk raising," suggested John. "I can remember—it wasn't long ago, either, because China has been a republic such a little while—when the empress of China on a certain day each year cut off leaves from mulberry trees with golden scissors for her silkworms to feed on. That was a great day for the

whole country. Every woman who raised silkworms must have said to herself: 'If the empress sets me such an example as this, I must raise as many silkworms as possible to spin cocoons for me.' "

"Silkworms' eggs are tiny things!" Gundi broke in, turning to Lucy. "And they are grayish white." Then Gundi stopped and looked at her foster-brother. She was a very quiet girl and now, perhaps, thought she had been rude in breaking into John's story.

He smiled pleasantly, saying: "Explain what happens, Gundi, when the eggs hatch. You once told me your aunt raises silkworms and you used to visit her often."

"Such tiny black worms crawl out of the eggs!" Gundi went on immediately. "They are so small one can scarcely see them. How hungry they are! They begin at once to feed upon the bits of mulberry leaves which are spread before them. Every half hour, all day long and all night, a fresh meal is set before them, so you can imagine that the women who tend them are kept very busy at first. But after a few days they are fed each hour only, and when they have reached full size the mulberry leaves are given them still less often." Gundi stopped. Turning to her brother, she said, "Please go on with the story, John."

"While the worms are growing they take long naps every three or four days," said the boy. "And

each time they sleep they cast off their skins, and new ones grow. When they are full-grown, at the great age of thirty-two days, they are ready for business. They are then about two inches long and as thick as your middle finger, Joe. No more hunger for tender mulberry leaves now! No time to sleep, either! They begin at once to spin the most beautiful threads in the world—delicate silken threads. Out from their mouths come the threads as the worms move their heads back and forth, never stopping till by the end of several days they have woven about them the silken prison-houses people call cocoons. After that they fall asleep."

"And then?" asked Lucy quickly.

"And then—I know you'll feel sorry for them, Lucy—the women watchers carry the cocoons to a place where a slow fire is burning, and bake them in its heat till the worms inside are dead."

"What a shame after they worked so hard!" Lucy said pityingly. "Even if folks want the cocoons, can't the worms' lives be saved?"

"No." John shook his head. "The silken threads would all be broken if openings were made for the worms to crawl out. So they must be killed in their sleep. The silk raisers next put the cocoons in boiling water, after which they unwind and reel the delicate thread and send it to the factories where it is made into gorgeous silks and satins."

"I just love the Chinese silks!" cried Lucy.

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"'THEY FEED UPON MULBERRY LEAVES.'"

"Uncle Ben has promised to take us to a silk factory here in Canton where we can see it made."

"Joe, it's your turn now," said Gundi shyly. "Won't you tell us about the farms you saw? Of course you can't describe anything new to me. Still, I'd like to know what interested you most."

"The smallness of the farms and the bigness of the families who tended them I noticed first," said Joe readily. "Why, Lucy! many a farm on which Wong told me enough grain and vegetables are raised to feed a family of eight or ten people through the year doesn't cover over an acre of ground. And that's the way all over China."

"If you were in the western part of the country where there are many hills and mountains," John put in, "you'd find men leveling off little patches on the sides of the hills and planting gardens there. It's hard work to get a living in such places. Most of the Chinese are not only very poor, but they are hard and patient workers. Father says he's sorry for them."

"Such funny rough tools the farmers use, too!" cried Joe. "The plows look as if they might be a hundred years old. I had to laugh at them. But I didn't laugh when I noticed two girls not much older than you, Lucy, fastened to a plow and tugging along with all their strength with their father driving them."

"Nearly everybody works in China, and works

hard." Gundi sighed as she spoke. "The boys and the girls who don't have rich parents must help in many ways. On the farms they gather dead leaves and grass and twigs for the fires, tend the pigs and poultry, pile up manure, help to build dykes around the rice fields so as to flood them because rice grows well only in water. Oh, there are many, many things the children of the poor must do when they should be playing, or studying lessons in school."

"They have some fun, though," John put in. "The boys have their kites and the girls their dolls. And shows are sometimes brought to the villages. Say, Joe, do you remember in the place where we spent last night, the man who brought a collection of puppets, and made them act out a little play when everybody had come home from the fields for supper?"

"Indeed I do!" Joe clapped his hands. "It was more sport for me to watch the village children looking at the show than to look at it myself. They were so excited that they forgot to notice us white boys in their midst.

"Just as the show ended, a conjurer appeared and did some funny tricks. He actually made us believe he put a snake in his mouth and that it crawled out of his nose."

"Ugh!" Lucy shuddered. "Tell about the water buffaloes you saw, and make me forget the snake," she begged.

"All right!" Joe chuckled. "Imagine me, twin dear, leading a water buffalo down to the stream for his evening bath."

"Joe Grayson! did you *really* do that?" demanded Lucy.

"Truly-ruly! and he behaved as well as the gentlest cow. I held on to his snout, and away we went with two of the farmer's children close behind us shouting queer Chinese words at me all the time."

"Water buffaloes aren't pretty," suggested John.

"Water buffaloes could certainly never be called handsome." Joe giggled. "Their bristly black hair doesn't make a lovely coat, by any means. As for a buffalo's horns, Lucy, you wouldn't be scared at the thought of being tossed by them because they lie so flat above the animal's head."

"Water buffaloes work hard like their masters," said Gundi.

"Indeed they do," said John. "They are used in plowing, thrashing grain, turning the wheels of watering machines, and in still other ways."

"That makes me think of a buffalo I felt particularly sorry for," said Joe. "Poor beastie! he had been turning the wheel of one of those machines for hours at the time I saw him."

"I don't understand what you are talking about," said Lucy, with a little scowl.

"Let me explain," answered John quickly. "Rice and taro and such plants need plenty of water. So

the farmers dig dykes around the low fields where they are raised. From these dykes they can send water by means of machines over the fields, and the patient buffaloes have to turn the wheels of the machines."

"Thank you, John." Lucy's dimples grew deep as a smile spread over her face.

"But now I want to know more about a Chinese village. I rode past one last week when we all went riding together. I saw the mud and stone huts in which the poor people live. And I saw dogs and pigs just about *everywhere.*" Lucy sniffed at the thought.

"But you probably saw no cats," said John. "There are plenty of cats in a Chinese village, but they are small and generally thin because no one thinks of feeding them. In the daytime they are generally tied up; but at night they are set free and allowed to prowl about to hunt for a dinner of field mice."

"And inside the children's homes, what have you seen there?" Lucy asked.

"Not much except big families of people."

"Probably you wouldn't find chimneys in their huts," suggested Gundi. "Ugh! they are so smoky you could scarcely breathe there, Lucy, while the fires of grass and stalks are burning! And you'd pity the children who live there because they sleep on such rough beds. A mat spread over two boards

resting on a bamboo frame is probably the best bed they know. Then, too, the benches on which they sit are narrow and uncomfortable.'' Gundi shook her head sadly.

Although Gundi was only ten years of age, she seemed older in some ways than Lucy whose life had been full of happiness.

''Chinese children have some good times, though,'' said Joe stoutly. ''I watched them playing games and having heaps of fun out of them. Once we came upon a group of boys and girls having the *best* time. I didn't understand what they were doing till John explained it to me.''

''The children were playing the taro game,'' said John, turning to the girls. ''They were sitting bent over as still as mice, pretending they were taro plants. That is, all but the one who acted as the farmer and went from one to another, making believe pour water on them. As he poured they unbent, and slowly stood up to show how they were growing.

''Then he went off and pretended to fall asleep. When he had shut his eyes, lo! a make-believe thief came creeping upon the taro plants. The farmer woke up with a start, and what a chase there was then!''

''I played that game when I was little,'' said Gundi, laughing more merrily than Joe and Lucy had ever heard her before.

"I *must* speak of a bamboo thicket I saw while away." Joe turned to his sister as he added: "It was as handsome as any we saw in India. Many of the plants were as tall as a high building. Their tops were perhaps eighty feet from the ground, and, oh, so beautiful and feathery!"

"Why isn't it right to call bamboos, trees?" asked Lucy wonderingly.

"Because they grow differently," said John quietly. "They don't have trunks like trees, and the long green stems are hollow and jointed. They only turn yellow after being cut, or when the plant has died."

"I can't imagine what my people would do without bamboo," said Gundi. "It is used for the frames of umbrellas, for clothes-lines, furniture, pen handles—why, I couldn't begin to tell all its uses."

"I know of one you haven't spoken of." Joe chuckled. "Hats! I saw a hat the other day made of strips of split bamboo woven together."

"And I know another use!" added John. "Father brought some paper lately of bamboo which had been soaked in water till it became pulp and was then made into the paper."

"But, dear me, Joe, you are sneezing!" the lad cried with twinkling eyes. "If you have a cold and need medicine, a Chinese doctor might say you had better take toads' eyebrows at once."

"No Chinese doctor for me, if you please," de-

clared Joe with a laugh. "If I'm sick I'll want your father to take care of me. I say, though! what a blessing wise white men like him are in this country."

CHAPTER VI

THE SIGHTS OF SHANGHAI

"WHAT a mighty yellow flood!" cried Lucy, who was standing in the ship's bow with her brother and looking down upon the rushing waters.

"The Yangtze is a wonderful river," replied Joe. "Only think, Lucy! Uncle Ben told me it is three thousand miles long."

"I told you also that it divides China almost into halves," said a merry voice behind the twins. "It is well to remember the Yangtze, therefore, as nature's boundary line between north and south China."

"And so Shanghai, which we are going to visit now," said Lucy thoughtfully, "must be in about the middle of China. I expect to see different things growing in the country around it from what we did farther south—no more rice and cotton fields, probably, nor orange groves and bamboo thickets."

"But we'll find plenty of tea plantations, I reckon," said Joe. "We've already seen a number of them on the river banks. I don't wonder that the Chinese call the Yangtze the 'River of Fragrant Tea Fields.'"

"Aha!" said Mr. Andrews suddenly. "We must already be nearing the place where the Whangpoa enters the Yangtze. Our ship is moving slowly because of the sand bar ahead of us. The captain told me we'll have to take a tender up the Whangpoa to Shanghai."

" 'One to get ready, two to prepare,' " cried Joe as the twins followed their uncle to the stateroom where their aunt was busily closing handbags and getting ready for the change over to the tender which had reached the ship's side by this time.

When our travelers had settled themselves in the smaller boat and begun the sail up the Whangpoa, Joe and Lucy had enough to entertain them in watching the sights along the shore.

Nothing, however, took their fancy as much as the sight of a gaily decorated ship close to the river bank outside of Shanghai. It was beautiful with plants and flowers, and a band of music was playing on the deck. Queer Chinese music it was, but the twins enjoyed it.

"If there were room here, I'd like to get up and dance," said Lucy as she beat time with her feet and nodded her head at her brother.

"I'd like to join you," agreed Joe. "If we were only among the Chinese passengers on that ship, we might start a waltz. Gee! I wonder what those people would think of our American dancing."

"But what are they there for? Their ship isn't moving," said Lucy wonderingly.

"It is a floating hotel," said an English boy who sat beside Lucy and had heard her conversation with Joe. "People who arrive at Shanghai late often spend the night there; and as it is so pleasant on board, they are tempted to remain still longer. My father and I spent the night on one of them last year, and I enjoyed it ever so much."

"I wish we could have the same experience," said Joe longingly.

But he forgot the floating hotel the next minute as the tender drew up to the pier and the city of Shanghai stretched before him.

Our travelers were quickly whisked in an automobile to a fine hotel where they were soon settled in a comfortable and handsome suite of rooms.

"This doesn't seem like China," grumbled Joe as he looked out of the window.

"No-o," said Mr. Andrews. "But it's pleasant and homelike with the houses of white folks all around us. You see, there are a good many European people in Shanghai. They do a deal of business here, shipping tea, cotton and silk to other countries, and they like to live near each other.

"But as I've told you over and over before, Joe, be patient. We'll take Wong, who knows this city like a book, and go on a trip around Chinese Shanghai as soon as——"

"We have taken a long breath," broke in the children's aunt with a laugh.

"Hurrah!" cried Joe. "Just see how patient I'll be even if you stop to take *three* breaths. Only—please don't let us go in automobiles, because they don't fit in with Chinese life, to my thinking."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Andrews promptly. "In chairs we shall go, and I'll order Wong to hire them at once."

Shortly afterwards our travelers left the hotel in sedan chairs for an afternoon of sightseeing. They were soon feasting their eyes on Chinese temples and tea houses rich in gilding and carving. Many of the balconies over the doorways of the tea houses were, as Joe declared, loaded with gilt.

"I wonder how many hogsheads of tea are drunk by the Chinese in a single day," he said when the party had left the chairs and entered a tea house for refreshments.

The twins' aunt smiled at Joe's remark as she glanced around her at the dozens of people drinking tea.

"I guess we'll never be able to find out," she answered. "Tea seems to be the favorite drink of China and, as far as I've learned, men, women and children here take it at all hours of the day."

"And without milk or sugar," added Lucy.

"Wong says his people call milk white blood," said Joe.

"Ugh!" Lucy shuddered at the idea.

"What do you all say to a visit to the bird-market?" proposed Mr. Andrews as he drained his cup. "Wong told me that's a sight we shouldn't miss."

"Capital!" declared Joe.

"I'll like it if the birds are alive," said Lucy.

"And I," agreed her aunt.

Mr. Andrews nodded. "That's what I understand," he said. "The Chinese love the music of birds in their homes as well as the sight of flowers, so we will probably hear some good songsters, and at the same time see many different kinds of feathered folk."

The party were not disappointed when they reached the market where they found hundreds and hundreds of parrots and canaries, pigeons and pheasants, as well as other birds whose names they did not know, swinging on ropes, and others on bamboo rods fastened across narrow alley-ways above the people's heads. Still others were in cages.

Such a crowd of sober-faced men, women and children as there was in that market! There were richly dressed mandarins jolted against by the poorest coolies, all admiring the birds and dickering with the merchants who kept shouting the prices and praises of what they had to sell.

"What sport!" Joe whispered to his sister as they

elbowed their way along. "I'll never forget this part of Shanghai."

But afterwards, when the bird market had been left behind and Mr. Andrews with a boyish chuckle proposed a fresh adventure, the picture of the bird market faded out of Joe's mind for the rest of the afternoon, at any rate.

Now, what do you suppose his kind uncle had thought of? Nothing less, to be sure, than a wheelbarrow ride. What could be better fun than that?

"Do you mean for *me* to ride in a wheelbarrow as well as the rest of you?" exclaimed Mrs. Andrews, half laughing, half frowning. "It amused me when we passed other people going along in wheelbarrows this afternoon. But they were *Chinese!* What would the folks at home think of me?"

"As they are in New York and not in Shanghai, they can't think anything about it," Mr. Andrews replied with a laugh.

"And if the rest of us go we can't leave you behind," put in Joe. "Auntie dear, do try it."

"Please," begged Lucy with her eyes dancing.

Well, the upshot of it was that Wong was shortly making a bargain with three coolies to take his party for a short ride in their wheelbarrows. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were to go in one, the twins in another, while he, Wong, was to take the lead in a third.

Joe and Lucy giggled as they seated themselves

back to back in the queerest sort of wheelbarrow. The cased-in wheel stuck up in the middle of the barrow between them, and as they started off each had to hold on to the casing around the wheel by one arm, with one foot on the floor and the other resting on a strap hanging below.

But when the children caught a glimpse of their uncle, who was having a hard time to get his long legs into place, they laughed still harder. As for their aunt—well, her face was puckered so queerly with a mixture of fear and amusement that Joe whispered to his sister: "I wish I could take a snapshot of Aunt Nell this minute. How the home folks would laugh at it!"

"All we need now is a sail," replied Lucy between her giggles.

"Yes, that would make it easier for our poor coolie," said Joe, who had grown serious as he watched the Chinaman who was pushing the wheelbarrow. "I've seen sails on several barrows this afternoon, and the coolies had scarcely any work to do because the stiff wind helped them so much."

After a half-hour's ride Mrs. Andrews told her husband that she had had enough of wheelbarrows. "For the present, anyway," she added gaily.

"I'm also satisfied," said Lucy when the party had returned to the hotel. "Only I hope Joe and I can go in a *sail*-barrow before we leave Shanghai. That would be still more fun than our ride to-day."

"We'll see—we'll see," said Mr. Andrews. "It won't be to-morrow, however, as we'll be busy in another way. Listen, everybody, to the invitations that came while we were out."

"Hurray!" cried Joe when his uncle had finished reading. "I don't believe many American boys visiting China have such good fortune as is ahead of us. A real Chinese dinner at a real Chinese house! What sport!"

"You and I would not have received our invitation if it had not been given because of Dr. Dickson's friendship. Don't forget that," Mr. Andrews reminded the boy.

"And, of course, if dear Mrs. Dickson had not written to her Chinese lady friend here in Shanghai about us," said the children's aunt, "you and I, Lucy, would not have been invited to visit her to-morrow."

"I just love Mrs. Dickson," said Lucy enthusiastically. "And I can scarcely wait for the time to go to that Chinese house."

It seemed to come very quickly, however, because both Joe and his sister were so tired from the afternoon's sightseeing that they slept later than usual next morning.

Before they had realized it, indeed, the hour arrived for leaving on their separate adventures. Lucy's cheeks were flushed with excitement when she and her aunt reached the home of the rich silk mer-

chant where they were to be entertained. They were ushered through a carved doorway into a large reception room, which seemed to the visitors to be a sort of fairyland. Lovely lanterns of many colors hung from the ceiling by silken cords. Satin hangings on which queer Chinese characters were painted adorned the walls. Here and there stood heavy teakwood tables and chairs, and in one corner was a richly carved cabinet. Most beautiful of all to Lucy's eyes was an elegant screen on which was pictured a Chinese garden with children playing in it beside a pond.

Lucy quickly forgot the furnishings of the grand room, however, as the hostess, with her little daughter beside her, tottered forward to greet her guests.

"Poor creature!" thought Lucy. "With all her wealth, she can't move with any comfort."

At the same time Mrs. Andrews was saying to herself: "I suppose the husband of my hostess is proud of her tiny deformed feet which can't be over three inches long. Very likely he calls them 'Golden Lilies.' "

The Chinese lady, of course, did not dream her guests were pitying her. She made them welcome in broken English, while her little daughter, whose feet were tiny ugly stubs like her mother's, smiled shyly at Lucy.

As her young visitor smiled back, she looked admiringly at the little girl's blue satin trousers, her

cream-colored satin coat that reached to her knees, and the dainty satin slippers on the deformed feet.

"Her dress is beautiful," Lucy decided, "and so are the ornaments in her hair."

Afterwards, when refreshments of tea and cakes, and queer but delicious candies had been served, both Lucy and her aunt had a chance, without seeming to look too curiously, to examine the rich costume of their hostess.

"Such handsome green satin trousers and jacket, both of them embroidered with wonderful skill," Mrs. Andrews afterward told her husband.

"And her glossy, black hair," added Lucy, "was arranged in funny-looking bobs, with a jade butterfly and gold flowers studded with pearls fastened in them. I wanted to keep looking at them, and at the lady's jade earrings, but not at her face. No, no!" Lucy shook her head. "Her cheeks and lips were fairly plastered with bright red rouge, and there was powder over that! Ugh!"

Before Lucy and her aunt had left the grand Chinese home, their hostess and her little daughter led them out into the garden. It was very different from an American garden. The plants bordering the walks stood in fancy glazed pots, while the many shrubs in the garden had been trained on wire frames to take the shapes of birds, dragons, fans, and dolphins.

In the midst of the garden there was a high pile

of rocks over which a tiny stream came pouring to the ground below, and then flowed on till it reached a pretty pond.

"Oh!" cried Lucy delightedly when the little Chinese girl led her across a zigzag bridge which stretched over the pond to a tiny island with a summer house on it.

"This summer house looks like a pagoda," she exclaimed, as she looked up at the roof with its many points and curves. Her companion nodded her head and smiled at Lucy's enjoyment, though she did not fully understand the strange English words.

While Lucy and her aunt were having their pleasant visit with the Chinese lady and her little daughter, Joe and his uncle were enjoying themselves in quite a different way. They were having a feast of the greatest dainties of the land in the company of a dignified Chinaman and several of his Chinese friends.

Joe looked curiously at the setting of the table. Before every guest had been placed a china spoon, a two-pronged fork, a pair of chop-sticks, a delicate china cup, and a bowl.

"I shall have to watch the others," the boy said to himself. "Then I'll know when to use my fork and when to use the chop-sticks."

And now he turned his eyes towards the many small dishes hardly bigger than saucers which were

spread before the guests. They were filled with different kinds of food, all cut up in tiny pieces. There were bowls of sharks' fins with crab sauce. There were dishes of wild duck floating in oil. There was boiled fish with soy sauce. There were flour dumplings in sugar syrup, pigeons' eggs with mushrooms, birds' nest soup and stewed lily roots; and, since any Chinese feast would not be complete without them, there were candied walnuts, pickled plums and watermelon seeds, to which the guests were expected to help themselves first of all, as Joe and his uncle were quick to discover.

From time to time a waiter filled cups with wine for those who cared for it. But there was also tea which was drunk in great quantities.

The long-drawn-out feast ended with the eating of boiled rice.

"And yet it didn't seem afterwards as if we had sat at the table more than three hours," Joe told his aunt and sister afterwards. "I suppose it was because I was so interested in the queerness of the feast from beginning to end. And besides, we were entertained by the playing of odd Chinese music, and the guessing of conundrums between the courses."

The boy was silent for a moment, thinking of his experience. Then, suddenly, he began to chuckle.

"There was just once, Lucy," he said, "that I wanted to laugh. It was when our host picked up

some bits of minced chicken and pork with his chopsticks and put them into Uncle Ben's mouth. Of course he meant it as a polite attention to his American guest. But I was amazed to see Uncle Ben act as if he liked being fed in that way. Oh, but it was funny!''

''Funny indeed! I wish I could have been there to see it,'' said Lucy, choking with laughter.

''You couldn't have gone, you know, because you are only a girl. Here in China gentlemen dine by themselves,'' was the answer.

''Hm!'' Lucy tossed her head as she added, ''I guess I had a better time than you, Joe Grayson, anyway.''

CHAPTER VII

THE SURPRISE PARTY

"HOW jolly!" cried Joe, swinging about on one leg to show his delight.

"It's perfectly lovely!" Lucy looked as delighted as her brother when she spoke.

"Such a pleasant surprise!" said Mrs. Andrews, smiling first at Dr. Dickson, then at John and Gundi.

"I knew all about their coming, but wanted it to be a surprise for you and the twins," said Mr. Andrews, turning to his wife.

"Yes," said Dr. Dickson, smiling at Joe and Lucy. "Before you left Canton I had already planned a business trip to Nanking."

"And as Nanking is not very far from Shanghai I urged you to bring the children here to join us on our houseboat ride while you were attending to your business," said Mr. Andrews quickly.

"You precious uncle!" exclaimed Joe, rushing to Mr. Andrews and giving him a violent hug.

"Oh!" cried Lucy, too much excited to say another word.

Now at last the twins knew what had kept their uncle and Wong so busy the last two days—they were making arrangements for a water trip.

"I am sorry for just one thing," said Dr. Dickson, when the general excitement had subsided. "I wish you could all go to Nanking with me. It is a lively city and a big business center. It is also interesting because it was once the capital of China."

"But we haven't time to see all that this country can offer us," said Mrs. Andrews regretfully. "So we must choose what we will most enjoy thinking about afterwards."

"And a houseboat party in China should certainly not be left out," declared Joe earnestly.

So it came about that four happy children boarded a houseboat that afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Andrews.

"It's even better than I expected," declared the twins' aunt when the party had settled themselves in their floating home, the "Sunrise Glow." "Six servants besides the cook to serve us good meals in the beautiful dining-room, rose-colored curtains at the windows, and such handsome furniture in all the rooms!" The little lady clapped her hands in delight.

"Even embroidered hangings on the walls!" said Lucy. "The birds and butterflies are worked so finely it seems as if they'd leave the hangings and fly about us as we sit talking. Chinese women certainly embroider wonderfully."

The next minute every one was too busy watching

the strange sights on the river to talk. Not only Joe and Lucy, but John and Gundi discovered so many interesting things as the hours and the days flew by that they were often silent. Long afterwards it was hard for them to tell what they enjoyed most—the ride along the Whangpoa River, that on the mighty Yangtze, or the one on the Grand Canal which filled the twins with wonder when John told them it was eight hundred miles long, and had been made over six hundred years ago by the great Tartar ruler, Kublai Khan.

"It is the water-way which joins North and South China," John went on to explain. "The Chinese have only lately begun to build long railroads. Consequently, nearly everything raised in the country has been carried by boat from one inland place to another, and to the seaports."

"When we were in Canton I noticed the many little canals in and around the city. And we've heard Uncle Ben talk about there being many such canals all over the country, so that one can travel to nearly every place by boat. But this Grand Canal! It *is* grand! What a tremendous work the Chinese did when they made it!"

As the boat moved along through the Grand Canal our travelers passed many a duck farm with tiny canals running through it.

"I couldn't begin to count the ducks over there," said Lucy, pointing to a place where the creatures

were so crowded together they could scarcely swim.

"That makes me think of the floating duck farm I saw at Canton," said Joe. "A big family lived on the boat with perhaps a thousand ducks to care for. There were ducks making their way over a muddy bank near the boat, and ducks on board in coops or waddling around between the children's feet.

"While I was watching, a boy, hardly big enough to walk, fell overboard. That didn't scare his mother, though. She didn't even hurry to get him out because she knew the little barrel tied on the boy's back for a life preserver would keep him from sinking."

"I noticed a baby on that boat," said Lucy. "The poor little thing was tied by a rope to the railing so it couldn't fall into the water. It kept trying to get free."

"That baby and its brothers and sisters will probably grow up in a boat and never know the fun of playing in a garden or field of grass," said Gundi sadly. "This is because the houseboat people aren't generally allowed to even step on shore."

"They are mostly very poor and ignorant," explained John, "and there are hundreds of thousands of them in this crowded country of China. They have a hard time getting a living. They fish, of course, and raise ducks and geese, but I don't know many other things they can do."

"Look! look!" cried Lucy. She had just discov-

ered a village made of grass houses, each of which stood on the tops of poles set in the water.

"Quick!" said Joe the next minute. "Look at that!" He pointed to a houseboat trimmed with flowers from one end to the other. The windows were of colored glass, and the children caught glimpses of richly carved and gilded woodwork inside. The sounds of cymbals and of singing came from the boat.

"A very rich man must own it," said John. "Perhaps he is having a party."

"I never expected to see so many kinds of business done on the water," declared Lucy as the flower-trimmed boat moved past them. "Only think! since we've started out on this trip we've passed kitchen boats from which hot food can be bought, and boats with oil, firewood, fresh pork, clothing, fruits and vegetables for sale."

"To say nothing of boats with barbers aboard ready to cut your hair at a moment's notice," said Joe.

"And the boats of river-doctors who strike their gongs to let you know they are ready to give you cockroach tea or bear's paw soup if you're sick," said John with a grin.

"The temple-boats! Don't forget to mention those," added Gundi, when the others had stopped laughing. "With the noises made there by the beating of drums and clapping of cymbals the priests

don't let the people on other boats forget they are at hand."

On the last evening of the trip, as the party sat listening to the weird music played on a neighboring boat, Mr. Andrews asked Gundi to tell about New Year, the great Chinese holiday.

"There is no festival like it," she said quickly. "It lasts many days, and everybody is busy getting ready for it for a long time beforehand. New clothes are made for the whole family; there is special cooking, and the houses are cleaned from one end to the other."

"But what is done to celebrate it?" asked Joe.

"At midnight of the last day of the old year, fireworks are set off," Gundi went on. "Crowds gather outdoors to see them. It is great sport. Every one, rich and poor, begins to make merry!

"Then, on the great day itself, feasts are spread in each household before the shrines of the gods, and after that the people themselves eat quantities of goodies that have been prepared. And all eat *together!* It seems so pleasant, because on other days the men are served first, and the women have their turn afterwards. Oh, yes! Every one laughs and makes merry on New Year's Day.

"I remember the last one I spent in my old home," Gundi went on. "We children were allowed to roast cockles. We also parched beans and ate them to our hearts' content. And, oh! what sport

we had setting off fireworks! We had saved up every cash that had been given us for weeks beforehand. Moreover, one of the best things about New Year is that the good time doesn't end with the day itself. I like a festival that lasts." Gundi spoke enthusiastically.

"This evening's pleasure, I fear, must not last any longer for us," said Mrs. Andrews with a smile. "Do you notice how few people can now be seen making their way along the shore with their lighted lanterns to guide them? It must be getting late."

CHAPTER VIII

AT THE CAPITAL

"THIS city of Peking is the most interesting place we've visited in China," said Lucy earnestly.

"It seems to me that I've heard you say *something* like that before," said Mr. Andrews. There was a twinkle in his eyes as he spoke.

"It's true, though; I'll back Lucy up this time," declared Joe. "To begin with, think of the street sights. Of course, I'm not thinking of the electric cars, because we've been used to them all our lives. But it's the caravans of camels loaded with tea and other goods on their way to the country north of us, and the droves of heavy-laden donkeys, patient little beasties! By the way, every time I see their drivers beating them it makes me grind my teeth with the longing to beat them in return."

"I like to watch the crowds of Chinese pushing their way through the streets," put in Lucy. "All sorts of people there are—government officers richly dressed always, yellow-robed priests, peddlers with odd wares, jugglers, coolies pushing wheelbarrows——" The little girl stopped to take breath.

"I have enjoyed visiting the temples. As I think

of them they seem countless,'' said Mr. Andrews, who had been listening amusedly to the children's lively talk.

''I care most about the Bell Tower,'' declared Lucy positively, ''because it has the largest bronze bell hanging anywhere in the world.''

''I, for one, was glad to visit the Drum Tower and watch the drum beating the passing of time,'' said Mr. Andrews.

''Of course, and I'm also glad that we went to the Temple of Agriculture and the one sacred to Confucius,'' said Joe. ''But, after all, I like the street sights in the Chinese part of the city best of all. Whew! I wish I had a thousand dollars to spend in the shops. What grand presents I'd buy for Daddy and Mummie—silks, and a porcelain tea set, and some vases with dragons painted on them, and, oh! heaps of other lovely things!''

''Instead of talking any longer about what we have already seen, suppose,'' said Mr. Andrews, ''that we start out to visit what I believe we will all consider the most interesting sight in this part of the country.''

''Good, good!'' cried Joe, jumping up. ''You're going to take us for a ride along the city walls. You've promised we should have one before leaving Peking.''

''That's exactly what I have in mind.'' Mr. Andrews smiled. ''So get ready at once—that is, after

we take a peek at the map of this double city.

"Here," he continued, pointing to the map, "is the Tartar city on the north with a square, forty-foot wall about it, and containing the government buildings and the homes of the high officials. South of the Tartar City, you will see, is the Chinese City, whose northern wall is the southern wall of the Tartar City."

"Hm! and so Peking is made up of two cities fastened together and yet divided by a strong wall," said Lucy as she examined the map.

"There's really a third city," broke out Joe. "It's the Imperial City in the heart of the Tartar City. I wish you would take us there, Uncle Ben." The boy spoke longingly.

"Our sightseeing to-day won't end with the walls of Peking," Mr. Andrews told the children. That was all he would say as the travelers started out on the promised ride, but Joe and Lucy looked knowingly at each other.

"It's such a bright, clear day we can get a good picture to take away with us," Joe told his sister as they neared the walls.

"I didn't dream how strong they'd seem when I got close to them," said Lucy as she looked curiously at the facings of bluish-gray bricks hiding the earth and concrete within.

"They ought to be strong, as Uncle Ben says they are wide enough for four automobiles to be

driven abreast of each other along the top," replied Joe.

"Look!" broke in Lucy. "Those parapets must project forty or fifty feet out from the walls."

"I'm most interested in the towers built along the top," said Joe. "I can imagine the watchmen stationed in them in the old days, straining their eyes to see if enemies were approaching from any direction. They must have had a tiresome time of it, I'm thinking."

"The Chinese have been great workers—I'll say that for them," said Lucy slowly. "It makes me gasp when I think, not only of these walls, but of there being nearly *four thousand* walled cities in China, besides Peking. Millions of men must have spent their lives building them."

"Heigho!" said Joe with a yawn when the ride had lasted an hour or more. "The walls are ever so interesting, as Uncle Ben said they would be, yet I'm ready now to see something different."

"So am I," was the answer. Consequently both children were delighted when their uncle told them they were to go next to the Imperial City.

"Special permission has been granted us by a government officer to visit one of the palaces and some of the other buildings there," said Mr. Andrews. "So we will have a chance to look upon a little of the remaining glory of the old days of royalty."

"A *little!*" cried Joe, when he found himself in one of the royal palaces. "If this is only a *little* of the glory, what must this place have been when an emperor and empress lived here with their court!"

"I'm trying to imagine it," replied Lucy half to herself, as she feasted her eyes on the rich furnishings. "What grand feasts must have been spread here for the royal family and their courtiers! Of course every one was decked in the most elegant silken robes, and jeweled ornaments sparkled on heads and shoulders with dazzling brightness."

"After the feasts, very likely, the emperor wandered with a company of his followers among these wonderful gardens," said Mr. Andrews, as our travelers left the palace and wandered among the flowerbeds.

"Or sat in one of the pavilions, drinking tea and listening to a band of musicians," suggested Joe.

"I wonder if you are too tired to visit one more place when we leave this Imperial City?" Mr. Andrews said to his wife rather doubtfully.

"No, indeed!" she answered brightly. "That is," she added, "if we can afterwards go back to the hotel to have a long night's sleep."

"I promise you that," replied her husband. "Now then!" he said, motioning to Wong, "we want you to guide us at once to the Temple of Heaven. The emperors of China, you have told me, used to worship there."

Wong's face shone with pleasure. "The Temple of Heaven is the grandest one in China," he said with much pride. "You will be happy in looking upon it."

Both Joe and Lucy remembered Wong's words when they arrived at the famous temple and found it to be not one but a collection of beautiful buildings. The principal one seemed in the twins' eyes to belong to fairyland, so beautiful it was, of terraced white marble below, and with a triple gilded roof above.

"I can fancy," Lucy whispered to her aunt, "one of the emperors of old making his way, in the midst of a grand procession, to worship here. He sits in his royal yellow chair decorated with shining gilt ornaments, and borne by his sixteen attendants clad in pink silk coats. A long train of soldiers in splendid uniforms, and bearers of wine for the sacrifices to be made in the Temple, are following him."

"It's time to go," broke in Joe's voice, and the picture in Lucy's mind faded away.

As the party neared the hotel the twins were still talking of the Temple of Heaven when they came upon a sight which amused them greatly. It was a man in a cart which was drawn by a pony, a mule and a donkey hitched together.

"There's enough variety in animals to suit any one," declared Joe with a laugh.

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"'THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN IS THE GRANDEST ONE IN CHINA.'"

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CHAPTER IX

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

"I HAVE a plan I hope you will both like." As Mr. Andrews spoke he looked first at Joe, then at Lucy.

"What is it?" asked Joe.

"What is it?" echoed Lucy.

"You know that we would all like to see the Great Wall of China?"

"You decided we couldn't visit it, because the journey is too rough for Aunt Nell and Lucy," said Joe quickly.

"Yes. But this morning I met an old missionary friend of mine, Mr. King, who lives in Tientsin." Mr. Andrews spoke slowly.

The twins looked at their uncle wonderingly. What could Tientsin have to do with the Great Wall?

"We landed at Tientsin on our voyage north from Shanghai, but we took the train there for Peking at once, so we didn't have a chance to go about the city," ventured Lucy.

"I wished at the time we could do so," said Mr. Andrews, "because Tientsin is called a beautiful place. It is the chief port of North China, and the

gateway to the great plain that extends for hundreds of miles westward. Mr. King has a lovely wife and two little daughters, and he has made me promise that your Aunt Nell and Lucy should make them a visit."

"And why not you and I?" asked Joe quickly.

"Because Mr. King is anxious for you and me, Joe, to take a trip to the Great Wall with him. We should probably go partly donkey-back and partly in mule litters."

"Oho! oho!" cried Joe, making a sudden handspring across the floor to show his delight.

For a minute there was a pucker in Lucy's forehead and her bright eyes were dim.

"I'm sorry, twin dear, you aren't a boy," said Joe, forgetting his joy as he noticed his sister's face.

"Then you could go with us."

At that, Lucy bridled at once.

"I'm glad I'm a girl, anyway. And I can have a splendid time with the King children, I'm sure," she declared with a smile. And never for a minute afterwards did she let her brother think she felt bad because she was not to go with him to see one of the wonders of the world.

Two days afterwards our travelers bade good-by to each other. Mr. Andrews and Joe were to travel northward with Mr. King and a guide, all riding donkeys, and with mules laden with bedding and a kitchen outfit to use on the way. Just before they

started out they saw Mrs. Andrews and Lucy, under Wong's care, on the train about to leave for Tientsin.

"Hurrah for a real adventure!" cried Joe when he found himself actually on the highway leading northward.

"It won't be all fun," replied his uncle, who was riding beside him. "You'll find that out before we've traveled many miles, I reckon."

Mr. Andrews did not speak, however, as if the prospect worried him. He was as ready as his nephew to enjoy everything possible, and smile at whatever hardships that should come in his way.

And so, when the highway over which they were traveling became rough, he said to Joe: "What if we are shaken up a bit now and then! It isn't every one who can see what we are seeing."

As he spoke he pointed towards a caravan of heavily laden camels that took up the middle of the road, with their masters, fierce-looking men, goading them on.

"How the camels groan under their loads!" said Joe. "I can't pity them, though, because they look so cross and spiteful. But I do feel sorry for the donkeys we meet. I guess we've passed a hundred of them already, every one of them with a heavy pack; and many a time the poor beasts are obliged to flounder in the mud."

"Look out! don't try to talk," suddenly called his

uncle, as the road became scarcely more than a ditch, half filled with water at that.

The words came too late, for at that very moment the donkey Joe was riding stumbled, and the boy was thrown headlong into the ditch.

"Ugh!" he spluttered as he got upon his feet and spit the muddy water out of his mouth. "I wonder what Aunt Nell and Lucy would think of a ride like this."

"I can guess," replied Mr. Andrews, choking with laughter.

"Suppose, however," he went on, "we think of ourselves now. Do you see the train of clumsy carts coming towards us? This isn't a particularly good place for them to pass us."

Joe had to admit to his sister afterwards that he was glad when the first day ended and he could rest his aching bones at an inn which the guide said was a particularly good one.

"It may have been good, but it certainly was queer," he told her. "Imagine yourself going to bed on top of a big brick oven half filling the room. Then imagine it being too warm for comfort at first, but towards morning, when the fire has died out, feeling as cold as a pavement in New York in wintertime."

Joe and his uncle, however, laughed and made merry over all their discomforts along the way, both in the low muddy country, and afterwards when they

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"AT LAST THE GREAT WALL CAME INTO VIEW."

had many a rough, difficult climb among the hills and through a much traveled mountain pass.

But at last the Great Wall came into view. As Joe rode nearer and nearer to it, he realized as he had never done before what patient, industrious people the Chinese have always been.

"What a tremendous work!" the boy exclaimed when the travelers had drawn close to the mighty walls stretching over mountains for upwards of fifteen hundred miles.

"Millions of men were kept busy for ten long years before the gigantic work was finished." Mr. Andrews spoke almost in awe.

Then, pityingly, he went on: "The Chinese built this Great Wall along the northern border of their country to protect it from Tartar invaders who, nevertheless, entered in course of time and became the rulers of China."

Leaving their donkeys in charge of the guide, Mr. King and Mr. Andrews climbed the Wall with Joe to get a better view of it from one of the high brick towers standing at short distances along the top. They could now see how thick the wall was—twenty-five feet probably.

"It must be as high as a three-story house," mused Joe.

"The Peking walls must have been built in much the same way as this," said Mr. Andrews, "because in places where this has broken away I can see that

between the facings of gray bricks there is a mixture of earth and stone which must have been packed together very hard."

"Nearly the whole stretch of walls is in good condition to-day," said Mr. King. "It seems wonderful when we think how long they have stood here—over two thousand years!"

"Wonderful indeed!" said Mr. Andrews.

When Joe, after many a look at the country around through the loop-holes of the tower, admitted he was willing to go down, the travelers made their way to the ground and back to the huge triple gateway near which the guide was waiting for them with the donkeys.

As they reached it, a caravan was passing through from the north into China.

Joe did not have a chance to watch the camels and their gaily-dressed drivers because he found himself suddenly surrounded by a crowd of beggars, all screaming and holding out their hands for coins. Some of them were blind; some were crippled; all were dirty and ragged.

The boy could not resist their cries. Emptying his pockets of all the coins he had, he threw them among the beggars. Then, mounting his donkey, he rode away as fast as he could.

"I couldn't bear to look at those men," he told his uncle when they had left the Great Wall behind

them. "And whenever I think of this day I'm afraid I'll see the picture of those wretched beggars."

Just one week from the time when Mr. Andrews and Joe parted from Lucy and her aunt, they appeared with Mr. King at his pleasant home in Tientsin.

Of course Lucy listened eagerly to the account of the adventure, yet she did not seem at all envious.

"I've had *such* a good time here with Kate and Margaret!" she declared. "We've ridden out over the country where I've seen wheat and barley fields that made me think of home. And we've been shopping, and told each other stories, and played games so that the week has fairly flown. I hate to leave Tientsin."

"It's too bad that you must do so to-morrow," said Mrs. King. "I only wish my children and I could join you in your visit to Japan."

The twins looked at each other with joyful eyes. And so—they had guessed it before, but were only now sure of it—their good uncle and aunt had decided to take them next to the wonderful land of Japan!

IN JAPAN

CHAPTER X

THE FIRST RIDE IN JAPAN

"OH!" Joe's eyes were full of happiness as he spoke. So were Lucy's. And so, indeed, were those of Mr. Andrews and his wife as they looked from the ship's deck towards the land of beauty, the land of flowers and of joyous children.

The mist which had been shutting our travelers in had lifted, and beyond them they could see Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan, reaching two miles upward towards the sky, with her snowy summit hidden in fleecy clouds.

"How beautiful!" said Lucy in a low tone. And then: "It doesn't seem as if Fujiyama could be a volcano, and that streams of melted lava once flowed down her sides. I'm glad that the fire in her heart is now dead."

"I'd like to climb to the top of Fuji!" exclaimed Joe longingly. "Then I could afterwards tell my friends I had stood on the summit of the highest mountain in Japan, and the one held sacred by her people."

"It is said in legends to have risen up out of the ocean in a single night," added Lucy.

"This isn't the best time of the year for climb-

ing such a high mountain," said Mr. Andrews. "If we had come to Japan in mid-summer, Joe, you and I might undertake the adventure. But now that it is nearly October, I'm afraid it is too late."

"Look, please look!" cried Mrs. Andrews, pointing with girlish excitement towards the country below the mountain, now cleared of all trace of mist and bathed in sunlight. Beautiful gardens, fields of grain, and quaint little houses could be seen scattered everywhere about, while on the water's edge which our travelers were fast nearing, lay the port of Yokohama with ships of all nations at rest in her lovely harbor.

"This is surely one of the most beautiful places in the world," declared Mr. Andrews as he turned his eyes in one direction after another.

"How strange it seems at first thought," he went on, "that the world is enriched by all this beauty through the action of volcanoes! The island of Hondo before us, and her sisters—thirty-eight hundred of these islands altogether in the Japanese empire—were all born from the eruption of volcanoes at the bottom of the ocean."

Lucy shuddered. Then she laughed at herself as she thought: "There can be nothing to fear from those volcanoes now."

Joe, who had been watching her face, guessed what was in her mind, and broke out teasingly: "I've read that there are more than fifty volcanoes on

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"BEYOND WAS FUJIYAMA, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN."

the islands of Japan, which are very much alive to-day—*hissing* and *steaming,* Lucy. Think of that! And there are still others that may wake up any minute and make heaps of trouble."

"Stop your teasing, Joe," said his uncle quickly. "Let your sister enjoy all that is to be enjoyed and never help her or anybody else to be afraid of what may never happen. There's too much fear in the world already. It makes people weak and cowardly."

There was no more time for talking as the steamer was already swinging in towards a large pier crowded with small, wiry Japanese workmen ready to attend to the cargo, together with other folks waiting to greet friends among the passengers. Though the crowd was mostly of yellow-skinned, black-haired Japanese, there was quite a number of people of other races.

"What a clatter of wooden shoes!" Joe whispered to his sister, as he took her arm and led her from the ship up on to the pier.

" 'Rikishas! dozens of them!" the boy went on joyfully, looking towards the street where dozens of light two-wheeled carriages, properly called jinrikishas, were drawn up near the pier while their owners were making bids to be hired by newly-arrived people.

"Of course we've seen 'rikishas before because we passed some of them in Peking," replied Lucy.

"But we didn't get a single chance to take rides in them. Now, however, what sport we'll have going about the country in them!"

By this time Mr. Andrews was making a bargain with two jinrikisha pullers to take our travelers to the custom house nearby, and afterwards to the hotel where they were to stay for the next three days.

"The men are dressed almost alike," Joe whispered to his sister. "Loose cotton jackets, tights, sandals on their feet——"

"And such funny hats on their heads!" added Lucy. "They are shaped exactly like mother's shallow wooden chopping tray."

"They aren't made of wood though," said Joe. "I think they must be of bamboo covered with cloth. So they are light enough for comfort, while the shape keeps the pullers' eyes nicely shaded from the sun."

"See!" said Lucy. "One of the men is pointing to his legs. Why, do you suppose?"

"Oho! he's trying to make Uncle Ben see how straight and strong they are, so that he can carry his passengers a long ways if need be," Joe smiled.

By this time the bargaining was over, and the twins and their uncle and aunt quickly took their places in jinrikishas. Then each man took his place between the shafts of his carriage and trotted off as gaily as if starting on a pleasure party. Faster and faster rolled the big light wheels as the party

rode through the street noisy with the clatter of hundreds of wooden clogs.

"And yet," said Lucy when the ride was over and the party had settled themselves at the hotel, "I believe the greater part of the people we passed wore straw sandals and those couldn't make a noise if they tried."

"We're in Japan all right," declared Joe gleefully. "Our ride showed that. We passed more 'rikishas on our way here than I could count, and all the men who were drawing them looked happy and contented. As for the people, well! though I saw some Americans and Chinese and Europeans in the crowds, there were ever and ever so many little Japs dressed in the loose, big-sleeved robes they call kimonos."

"Most of the kimonos were dark-colored—dull blue, or black, or purple," put in Lucy. "Though I did see a group of girls dressed in all the colors of the rainbow. Some of them carried musical instruments."

"Probably they were geisha girls," explained Mr. Andrews. "I understand that we shall meet them constantly in our sightseeing. They always dress gaily, and go about giving entertainments for the people who are all very fond of being amused."

"I was most interested in the women and little girls who had babies tied on their backs," said Lucy. "One of the women actually carried two babies—

one on her back and one across her stomach. Yet she moved along so easily that I don't believe she minded the load. She was smiling and chatting with a girl walking beside her all the time. Such pretty white teeth and soft, almond-shaped eyes she had! And her black hair was so glossy! I fell head over heels in love with her and with those dear babies. The one on her back was asleep, and the other one looked perfectly happy. I wished I could hug him that very minute."

"I, too, fell in love on my way here." Mrs. Andrews nodded her head enthusiastically. "It was with the daintiest little Japanese maiden of perhaps sixteen years. She was riding in a jinrikisha beside another one which probably held her mother. Her cheeks were flushed like a beautiful peach; her dark eyes were bent over a gorgeous bouquet of chrysanthemums in her lap, and her kimono of dark blue silk was held in at the waist by a broad sash."

"I know one difference between a Japanese woman's dress and a man's already," said Joe. "A woman, and a girl, too, for that matter, always wears a broad sash tied in a big bow across the back."

"And I've learned one reason why the Japanese people are more active and up to date than the Chinese," said Mr. Andrews.

"I think I know what is in your mind," said Joe instantly. "They have taken care not to let opium

be brought into the country, so their people have never suffered from the use of the drug."

"It is just that, Joe," replied his uncle. "At the custom house you must have noticed how carefully we were searched to discover if we had any opium about us. The Japanese, no doubt, have looked across the sea at their Chinese brothers and sisters and said to themselves: 'We'll never let the terrible opium habit get fastened on us. Indeed we won't.' "

"What are we going to do this afternoon?" suddenly asked Joe. "We are all rested after our nice sail here, so we are fresh for sightseeing."

"I have already planned a pleasant trip about the city." Mr. Andrews smiled at Joe's impatience. "So I have engaged some coolies to take us in 'rikishas to visit a few of the shops. Afterwards they will carry us to the Street of One Hundred and One Steps."

"That sounds good!" Joe clapped his hands. "One Hundred and One Steps must be a pretty steep street, though, I'm thinking."

"And a hard street for 'rikisha men to climb, dragging us behind them," said Lucy.

But when in the late afternoon our travelers reached it, they found it was no street at all—simply a stairway leading up to the top of a high bluff."

"How lovely it is to be in Japan!" said Lucy, sighing in delight as the party reached the summit

of the bluff and settled themselves in a pretty tea house to rest and enjoy the outlook.

"And to have a Japanese maiden in flowered kimono to smile sweetly as she bends down on her knees before us, touching the floor with outspread hands, and asking if her honorable guests would like cake and honorable tea," added Joe with a giggle.

"Sh! she's coming back, and with a tray in her hands," said Mrs. Andrews in a low tone.

The next minute the girl had reached the guests, and with another bow set the tray on a low table before the travelers.

"Oh! but these bean cakes are good," said Joe after eating two of them more rapidly than his aunt approved.

"I declare! I'm really beginning to like this—without milk or sugar either," said Lucy as she tasted her tea. "But then, how could one help liking any drink served in such a delicate porcelain cup?"

As the party ate and drank, they looked from time to time down from the tea-house upon the city below, and at the harbor where Joe and Lucy's eyes were able to pick out the Japanese junks with their quilted sails from among the vessels, many of which belonged to far-away countries.

"When Commodore Perry sailed with his American fleet into that harbor in 1854 he met no such

sight as we now look upon," said Mr. Andrews, considering. "In those days Yokohama was only a little village, most of whose people spent their lives in fishing. And now look at it, with its thousands of homes, its warehouses, its canals crossed by odd, pretty bridges, its railways!"

"Why! Yokohama is really made up of little islands, joined together by bridges," said Joe in surprise as he looked around. "I wouldn't have guessed it if we hadn't come up here to look down on it."

"I'd like to have been with Commodore Perry," said Lucy. "Then I could have seen the place before it was changed by the ways of white men."

"Perry had a good deal of courage to expect the Japanese would receive him," said Joe. "It seems hard to believe that, up to the time of his visit, Japan was a great empire shut in by herself, with her people knowing almost nothing about the rest of the world."

"They were clever and wise in many ways and were satisfied with themselves," said Mrs. Andrews. "But Commodore Perry had planned well how to make them curious to learn about the West."

"I know what you are thinking about," said Joe quickly. "It's the toy railroad train, engine and all, and the telegraph outfit Perry brought with him. I can imagine the crowds of curious little Japs gathered to watch the train run around the track after

Perry had set it up. Some of them, no doubt, thought it was worked by magic."

"Most of them would have liked the cars to be big enough to hold them," said Lucy. "As it was, I've read that all those who could, got up on the roofs and clung there while the train rushed along the track. What a funny sight it must have been!" The little girl laughed at the thought.

"At any rate, Perry succeeded in doing what he wished," said Mr. Andrews. "He got the Japanese so interested in the West that they agreed to trade with the United States. Not only that! From the time of Perry's visit they have been eagerly learning all that the West can teach them. They have electric cars in their cities, they telegraph to all parts of the world, and big ships of their own may be seen sailing on every ocean."

"Sad to say, some of them have even adopted our style of dress!" The children's aunt sighed. "Already," she went on, "I've noticed a number of Japanese gentlemen in stiff suits like those worn by their American brothers, and dainty little Japanese ladies riding about Yokohama with dresses made like mine instead of graceful, beautiful kimonos. It's a shame!"

So vehemently did the little lady speak that the others could not help laughing.

"What you say is quite true," said Mr. Andrews.

"The native dress of the Japanese is the most beautiful in the world."

As the travelers made their way down to the city Joe asked his uncle if Commodore Perry got acquainted with the Emperor of Japan while he was in the country.

"Indeed not! In those days that would have been impossible," said Mr. Andrews. "As much as the people were taught to worship their ruler, his palaces were his prisons and none were allowed to look upon him. The head of the army, called the shogun, ruled for him."

"How ridiculous!" cried the twins together.

"What was the reason the emperor had no real power?" Joe asked in the next breath.

"I'll have to explain more about the government in the old days to make you understand," said Mr. Andrews. "The shogun, as commander-in-chief of the army, was very powerful. Under him were the daimios, among whom all the land of the empire was divided up. Each of these daimios had a large body of soldiers under him and was ready for war, at any moment, at the word of the shogun. Moreover, every soldier was trained to look with contempt upon the common people who were kept poor because of the high taxes they were obliged to pay the daimios.

" 'The emperor is too holy to rule his subjects openly,' the shogun and daimios told his subjects.

So they had everything their own way, and oppressed the people to their hearts' content.

"But through the coming of Commodore Perry a change gradually came about. Some of the wise men of the empire decided that the rule of the shogun must end, and the emperor be given the power that belonged to him."

"Revolution followed. The shogun was defeated; the daimios were forced to give up their estates; the emperor came forth from his palace-prison to rule over his people, and more just laws were made for all."

"Three cheers for the U. S. A.!" cried Joe, making an imaginary salute to the American flag. "If it hadn't been for Commodore Perry's coming, the Japanese would probably not have waked up as soon as they did to their emperor's wrongs, nor the common people been freed from the rule of a shogun and daimios so quickly."

CHAPTER XI

THE GREAT BRONZE BUDDHA

"I'M enjoying every minute of this ride," Lucy told her brother as they were borne rapidly along the road to Kamakura in a jinrikisha.

"So am I," replied Joe. "And I believe our puller enjoys it as well as we do. He has an easier time to-day, with another man to help him on this long trip, and I'm glad for him. He told Uncle Ben, though, that as we twins aren't very heavy, he could carry us together twenty-five miles a day without getting tired."

"Of course he's trained to his work and the bar fastened between the shafts for him to press against makes it easier for him to pull us," commented Lucy.

"Think of it, Joe," she went on. "He's pulled 'rikishas for a living since he was ten years old. Let's not talk about him any more, though, when there are so many pretty groves and streams and gardens and waterfalls to notice. We must be nearing the town. Oh, dear!" the little girl cried out suddenly.

"What's the matter? Has a tooth started aching?" Joe asked mischievously.

"Of course not!" Lucy pouted. "I was just wish-

ing we could be in Japan in the early summer when the wistarias and camellias are in blossom. If it is so lovely now, it must be like fairyland then."

"It suits me well enough right now." Joe often liked to take the opposite side to tease his sister. "Have you noticed how many pilgrims we have passed lately?" he went on. "I guess they are bound for the same place as we. They must be on their way to worship the great bronze Buddha."

"I wonder if we are nearing it," said Lucy. "Look, Joe! There are trees all about us now. What a beautiful grove this is!"

Just as Lucy spoke the runners stopped, stepped out from between the shafts of the jinrikisha, and made a sign to the twins to get out.

Their aunt and uncle, who had been riding close behind them, had already alighted.

"Our runners," Mr. Andrews now told the children, "say that in this beautiful grove, only a few steps ahead of us, we may look upon the famous statue sacred to the Japanese. It is one of the most famous statues in the world," he added as he led the way along a shaded pathway.

"Wonderful!" Lucy whispered to Joe the next minute, as she suddenly found herself standing before a colossal bronze statue which towered nearly fifty feet above her, its head among the tall tree-tops.

"The Great Buddha sitting on his lotus throne!" said Mrs. Andrews softly, as she gazed at the noble

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"'THE GREAT BUDDHA . . . ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS STATUES IN THE WORLD.'"

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face with its large thoughtful eyes of pure gold.

"Come close and examine the image," Mr. Andrews bade the children. "Note how wonderfully it was made—nearly eight hundred years ago, too. It is composed of plates of bronze an inch thick, but they were put together so carefully that it is hard for us even to-day to tell where they are joined."

"What a lot of curls on the forehead!" said Joe.

"Eight hundred and thirty-three all together," Mr. Andrews read from a book he had brought with him. "And each one is nine inches long. They represent the snails which, an old legend says, crawled up over the living Buddha and rested on his head to protect it from the burning sunshine."

"Even the snails must have loved him," commented Lucy, half to herself. "He lived very long ago, didn't he?" she asked, turning to her uncle.

"Yes, my dear, many hundreds of years before our dear Lord Jesus. According to the stories told of him, he was a prince in a palace home and was deeply loved by his parents. They gave him everything heart could desire. When he grew up he had a beautiful wife and child. How happy he was with his loved ones around him! But one night he had a vision, making him awake to the sorrow and trouble in the world."

" 'I cannot stay here and be happy any longer,' he told himself. 'I must go out among men to help and teach them.' "

"But did he?" asked Joe anxiously. "I don't see how he could make up his mind to leave his loved ones and the beauty of his palace-home."

"The story declares that he did all that," said Mr. Andrews. "Leaving all whom he cared for behind him, he wandered, a poor man, among his fellows, with no roof to shelter him save the sky. But he was happy because he was now giving his life in trying to show men the way to be good. This is why, I suppose, that the face of the statue was made to look so wise and peaceful."

"I suppose," said Lucy softly, "that the figure rests on a lotus throne because the lotus blossom, so you once told us, represents to Buddhists a person who gets rid of everything bad in his nature."

"Yes." Mr. Andrews looked pleased at Lucy's remembering what he had said. "The lotus rooted in mud stands for a human being. The plant sends its long stalk up through the waters of experience, and at last reaches the clear air above. So Buddha, after his vision, cast out selfishness, and lived in the pure air of love."

"I wonder," said Joe, "if the shining silver knob in the middle of the forehead of the statue means anything special to the followers of Buddha."

"Certainly," replied his uncle. "It reminds every one who looks upon it of the light of brotherly love the great teacher shed on the world."

When, at last, our travelers left the wonderful

statue, their jinrikisha pullers took them for a ride about the old town.

"Kamakura was once a rich city," Mr. Andrews told the children. "Perhaps a million people lived here and there were handsome temples and palaces in the place. But now it is only a little fishing village and few of the fine buildings are to be found standing to-day."

"There is still one of the great temples not very far away," said one of the jinrikisha men who had heard what Mr. Andrews said. "It is sacred to the God of War. You surely do not wish to leave Kamakura without seeing it."

"It is too late to seek it to-day," replied the children's uncle. "We had best go to the hotel for supper and a good night's sleep. But before we return to Yokohama in the morning we will visit the temple of the God of War as you propose."

Before going to bed that night Lucy asked her uncle to explain the religion of the Japanese. "I know that there are a very few Christians in the empire," she said. "But most of the people seem to have a mixed sort of belief," she went on in a puzzled tone. "My 'rikisha puller talks as if he were partly a Buddhist and partly a something else."

"Shintoist, I judge," Mr. Andrews explained. "Shintoism seems to enforce the worship of ancestors and of Japanese heroes. Every boy in the

empire is taught to be brave, and to be glad to give his life in war, thus following in the steps of the heroes of his country."

"Every home in Japan, except the few where the households have become Christian," added Mrs. Andrews, "has a 'god shelf,' or shrine, before which the family pray each day and make offerings to their special god."

CHAPTER XII

NEW FRIENDS

"WE'VE had a perfectly lovely time on the way here!" Lucy's face shone with happiness as she spoke.

"And I say Japan is a jolly country to visit, and I'm glad we've got to its capital," said Joe.

"We'll find everything here truly Japanese, I judge," said Mrs. Andrews. "So it will be more interesting than Yokohama because there are a good many white people there with western ways and manner of living."

"I can't think of anything but the ride yet," cried Lucy. "Such cunning little homes we passed, some of them perched on the hillsides and not looking any bigger than toyhouses, and having vegetable gardens close by."

"And every one of them, I do believe, with a flower garden," put in Joe.

"Such a garden too—no common everyday one for a Japanese!" cried Lucy. "If it wasn't any bigger than a square yard, it had a tiny park in it with a pond and a pagoda, a bridge over a tiny stream, and a pile of rocks with a dwarf pine grow-

ing at the top, and with vines and other plants growing out from among the rocks."

"I noticed that some of the hills are terraced like many in China," said Mr. Andrews, "so that crops can be raised on them."

"And I noticed how fast our train moved and how comfortable it was," said Joe.

"It seems wonderful that Japan has such good railroads all over the country, when the first one was built only a short time ago—in 1872," said Mrs. Andrews.

Lucy did not hear her aunt. She was thinking of something besides railroads.

Joe, noticing the dreamy look in her eyes, burst out: "What is it, Lucy? Do wake up and tell us."

The little girl tossed her head and laughed merrily. "I'm so happy," she said, "because of our new friends."

"Oh!" Joe snickered. "We had only a few minutes' talk with the Japanese boy and girl you must be thinking of, and you already call them friends. Well—maybe I liked them ever so much myself. I hope they'll come here to the hotel to see us."

"They spoke English quite well, and were most polite and respectful," said Mrs. Andrews with a smile. "I liked their mother very much. She told me her husband was a graduate of the University of Tokyo and that her children studied English in

school. She wished us to visit her during our stay here."

"I heard her call you 'Most honorable Madam.'" Joe laughed.

"How gracefully she bowed to you as she talked!" said Lucy.

"She was as pretty as a—a—plum blossom," put in Joe.

"And her silk kimono, embroidered so beautifully, and her glossy hair bobbed up into little loops with jeweled stickpins in it, made her look like a lovely picture," Lucy added.

"But the children—of course I cared most about them," she went on. "They told me a deal about their home and their pets. Dear me! I mustn't forget their queer names. The boy's is Okashi, I remember, and the girl's is——" Lucy puckered her forehead.

"Aya," put in Joe. "That isn't hard to remember. Did you notice, Lucy, that she and her mother and brother didn't sit on the car seat like us? They squatted with their feet drawn under them. They had taken off their sandals!"

The Japanese always squat—that is, except when they copy white people's ways. You must have noticed that in Yokohama," said Lucy quickly.

"Ye-e-s, but I hadn't watched any of them traveling before." Joe was silent for a moment. Then he burst out: "If I were Okashi, I'd ask my father

to let me dress like an American boy so I could kick my legs as freely as I wished. No long robe for me, thank goodness.''

''I guess he is satisfied. He looked happy and contented,'' said Mrs. Andrews. ''And indeed, the children of Japan are called the happiest in the world.''

''It's three o'clock,'' said Mr. Andrews, looking at his watch. ''Suppose I order some 'rikisha men to take us for a ride around the city so as to get a good look at the people.''

Joe and Lucy jumped up in delight.

''I'm ready,'' exclaimed Lucy.

''And I,'' cried Joe.

''But, Uncle Ben,'' the boy added gaily, ''I don't believe the 'rikisha men can take us all round the city in one afternoon, since there are more than thirty square miles in it.''

For the next three hours the lively children were kept busy enjoying new sights, though on first starting out they told each other they feared they would be disappointed in Tokyo.

''Electric cars and telegraph wires and rows of commonplace stores and brick buildings aren't worth coming to see,'' complained Joe.

But he was ashamed of his rash judgment when he began to watch the people who filled the streets. ''Anybody who is Japanese is bound to be interesting,'' he soon admitted.

"It's partly the dress, I suppose," he went on—"the graceful kimono and the sandals, and the little bag hanging from the belt with handkerchiefs or pipe and tobacco or what not in it. Besides, Japanese people are interesting because they are so small. I'm taller than many of the grown-ups, I'm sure."

"Look quick, Joe," said Lucy, touching his arm. Her eyes were fastened upon a little girl—almost a baby—with a crowd gathered around her. A policeman was making his way to the child through the crowd.

"Oho!" Joe replied in a low tone. "The little girl has taken a metal plate out of her bag and is showing it to the policeman. I wonder why."

"I can guess," said Lucy. "The little girl has got lost; but her name and that of the street she lives on are probably printed on the plate, so the policeman will be able to find out where her home is. There! he's leading her off, and she's smiling. She'll be all right now."

"The policeman carried a sword!" Joe seemed amused.

"There's another one!" Lucy said a moment afterwards. "Oh! He's dragging along a coolie by a rope fastened around the poor fellow's waist."

"The coolie looks scared. I'm sorry for him," said Joe, "even if he has done something wrong. Perhaps he was caught stealing in some shop."

"Dear! dear!" cried Lucy with a laugh as the policeman and coolie passed out of sight. "What a continual bowing goes in the crowd as acquaintances meet each other. "I should think the politeness of the Japanese would cause their necks to be stiff all the time from so much bending."

"Many of the Japanese girls are pretty, but I don't admire one thing about them," said Joe, laughing in his turn. "They take the tiniest steps and walk pigeon-toed."

"I wonder why it is," mused Lucy.

"Our 'rikisha man in Yokohama told us they are taught to walk in that way so their kimonos won't spread open," was the answer.

After a visit to several of the principal shops to see the rich silks, the beautiful lacquered ware, and the carved ivory ornaments for sale there, Mr. Andrews directed the 'rikisha men to carry the party through one of the side streets.

"I wish I had eyes in the back of my head as well as in front," Lucy told her brother when they had left the main thoroughfare behind them.

"So you could see everything going on about us," said Joe quickly. "I feel much as you do."

"There are no sidewalks here, but little do I care," declared his sister as she looked with amusement at the tiny shops and houses lining the narrow streets. "The overhanging roofs seem to reach

out towards each other with a friendly 'How d'ye do?' "

"Most of the houses look like sheds because the fronts are open to the street," added Joe.

"Oh, I see!" the boy went on half to himself. "The outside walls are built in sections which slide along grooves, and they are pushed back on pleasant days to let the houses get well aired."

"That's well enough. All the same," said Lucy, "I shouldn't care to have passers-by looking in on me while eating my dinner or doing my housework. But the Japanese don't seem to mind such things the least bit. Why, I just caught sight of a young girl painting her lips and eyebrows before her mirror!"

"Oof! listen!" said Joe. He motioned towards the house which the twins were passing. "Aren't those horrible sounds the little girl in there is making on her guitar?"

Lucy shivered for answer.

"I suppose she's practicing her music lesson," Joe went on. "I must say I don't believe I'd ever get to liking Japanese music."

"Nor I. But, Joe, do look!" Lucy said eagerly.

"How funny," cried her brother. "We can see straight through that house over yonder and into the garden behind it because the back panels have been opened up as well as the front ones."

"It's such a pretty garden too," said Lucy. "Do

you see the big stone lantern, and the cascade falling over the rock close by? Oh! and there are some of the *loveliest* chrysanthemums in blossom."

"I don't believe you've noticed the big globe on the top of the rock. There must be gold fish in the globe," said Joe. "The two little boys looking into it don't seem to be aware of the tortoise at their feet. See! see! The tortoise is sticking out its head to catch an insect, I guess."

"I never saw so many children playing in a street before," said Lucy, as the twins rode on. "Every one of them seems happy, and they run and hop about without noticing the passers-by."

Just as Lucy spoke, a coolie, hurrying along, tripped up a little girl with a baby strapped on her back. Over she rolled, and all the time she and the baby kept smiling as if the tumble were part of a game. Then up she bounded, and with a laugh and a shout went on with her play.

"There are almost as many peddlers and jugglers in these side streets as there are children," remarked Joe a minute afterwards.

"I'd like to stop every time we come to a juggler," answered his sister. "I've found out already that the Japanese are ever so clever and skillful."

"Look! there's a juggler just ahead of us, and Uncle Ben is motioning to our 'rikisha man to let us stop to watch him," said Joe delightedly.

"Aha! he's performing with tops," said Lucy

in a low tone, as the twins joined the crowd gathered around the juggler.

"Whew! That's clever," burst out Joe, as he watched the man send a top up one arm, across the back of his neck, down the other arm, and then out upon the open fan in his hand—the top spinning all the time.

"Oh, oh!" cried Lucy excitedly, as the juggler made the top bound to the edge of a sword he held in his other hand, and still continued its spinning.

"The top seems actually alive!" declared Joe enthusiastically. "I'd like to watch jugglers all day long."

"And miss other interesting sights?" asked Mr. Andrews with a smile as the party prepared to start on again.

"No-o," said the boy reluctantly. "But it seems——"

"That there are fresh surprises every minute." Lucy laughed as she pointed to a toy peddler who was trying to attract the twins' attention. On the man's head was a tray full of black-haired, slanting-eyed dolls, and brightly painted drums and trumpets.

"Only four sen each," the juggler kept telling the children and grown-ups who came flocking around him.

"Four sen! How cheap!" declared Joe. "A sen is only about the value of a penny."

"We haven't any Japanese money with us, or I'd buy some of those toys," said Lucy regretfully.

"When we get back to the hotel, I'm going to ask Uncle Ben to get a yen—that's about a dollar, you know, Lucy—changed into sen so we can go out and make some purchases by ourselves."

A few minutes afterwards the children again wished they had some Japanese coins to spend. This was when they came upon a peddler of rice paste. The man was making cakes out of the paste for some boys and girls who gathered around him.

"I'd like to have him mold a cat for me," Lucy told her brother. Then with a laugh she went on: "Of course it wouldn't have a tail because Japanese cats' tails are only stubs."

"I'd like a 'rikisha, and also a lantern," replied Joe. "The boy standing nearest us has just handed the man eight sen for two of the prettiest 'rikishas —perfect in shape, too. Each of them had a cross bar between the shafts, and there were two big wheels, and the top was pushed back exactly like ours. That man is ever so clever in shaping things —out of sticky paste, too."

The twins were still wishing they had some sen to spend when a cake peddler who had caught sight of them made his way close up to their 'rikisha and took his stand directly in its way. There he began to bow, bending almost to the ground, yet all the

time balancing on his head a tray of cakes resting among colored papers.

Then, looking at Joe and Lucy, he cried: "Most honorable young sir from a far-away land and you, fair-haired miss, can I not tempt you with my wares?"

"He knows we aren't Japanese children," Joe whispered to his sister. "Our blue eyes and yellow hair tell him that. Oh, dear! I wish we could buy some of his cakes."

At the same time the boy shook his head at the peddler and motioned to the 'rikisha puller to hurry on so as to catch up with Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, who had ridden some distance ahead.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lucy the next instant. "Joe, do look at the group of girls in front of that house. I wish I could bounce balls as cleverly as they do."

While Lucy was speaking, one of the girls kept spinning round and round as her ball was bouncing and then, before it stopped, took it back into her hand.

And now at a signal from Mr. Andrews the 'rikishas came to a stop in front of a shop where fans were for sale.

"Such beautiful ones I never saw before!" Lucy declared over and over to her aunt as the two examined the fans, and Mrs. Andrews was trying to decide which one to purchase as a souvenir of Tokyo.

In the meantime Joe and his uncle were spending

much of their time watching the merchant who squatted on the floor of the shop with a dozen or more fans spread in front of him, trying to make sales to some Japanese customers gathered about him.

"An amusing sight!" Mr. Andrews said to Joe in a low tone.

"And so is that," Joe whispered back as he motioned towards the shop-keeper's assistant who was casting up the amount of the sales on a counting-board having buttons strung on wires.

"What is the name of such a counting board?" Joe asked his uncle, as our travelers left the fan shop and entered the one next door where the counters were loaded with dolls and kites.

"It is called a soroban," was the answer. "See! there's a clerk in this shop using one too."

"Soroban," Joe repeated, to help himself remember the word. But he said it absent-mindedly as his eyes were already taken up with the beautiful kites —dozens of them—in front of him.

"I'd like to spend a whole day here," he exclaimed as he looked at the dragons and butterflies, the hawks and other birds which the kites represented. "Such dandies as these are! Japanese boys must have heaps of fun flying them."

"And, oh, the dolls!" said Lucy, pressing her hands together in her excitement. "I guess there are dolls in this shop to represent every kind of per-

son living in Japan—men and women and babies, cooks and 'rikisha pullers, postmen, policemen, and even the great ruler the Mikado, and his empress.''

''Hm!'' said Mr. Andrews who was standing behind Lucy. ''Your speaking of cooks makes me think of eatables. Suppose we end our day's outing with refreshments. Let's go over to the pretty restaurant across the way.''

To this the others agreed, and when all had settled themselves at some tiny tables in the restaurant, they began to look at the charming scene around them.

''This is a beautiful place,'' said Lucy enthusiastically. ''How lovely the screens are, to begin with! That must be a picture of Fujiyama on the one nearest us. And over there is one with plum trees in blossom and children playing in a garden.''

''Sh!'' said Mrs. Andrews. ''Do listen to the singing of those gaily-dressed girls as they play on their guitars.''

''They must be geisha girls who have been hired to entertain the people as they sit eating,'' suggested Mr. Andrews. ''The Japanese certainly like to be amused.''

''This is an odd lunch,'' Joe whispered to his sister as the waiter set dishes of boiled eels, rice, pickled radishes, soy beans, and salted salmon before the party.

"I liked the eels especially," said Lucy as she finished the meal.

"I preferred the salted salmon," said Mr. Andrews.

"I enjoyed the delicious tea more than anything else," declared the children's aunt.

As Lucy and her brother seated themselves in a 'rikisha for the ride back to the hotel Joe burst out: "I am glad we learned to use chop-sticks while we were in China. I didn't spill a single grain of rice upon the lacquered table."

"I can guess why you feel proud of your skill," said Lucy quickly. "You must have noticed those two young Japanese who squatted near us. They were watching you."

"Yes, and eating the oddest things at the same time." Joe smiled at the thought. "They began with cakes and candies. After that course they had dishes of seaweed soup followed by raw fish! Ugh!"

"If we should stay in Japan long enough we might get to liking seaweed soup and raw fish ourselves," said Lucy. "Who knows!"

CHAPTER XIII

OUT IN THE RAIN

"SUCH fun!" cried Joe, shaking the rain off his coat.

"I wouldn't have missed it for the world, even if I did get a little wet." Lucy's eyes danced. "A rainy day in Japan is the best sport ever. I couldn't help smiling at the funny-looking people hurrying past us along the streets, nearly all of them wearing clogs with wooden legs at least three inches high."

"To keep their feet out of the mud, of course. I guess the Japanese hate water as much as cats do." Joe chuckled. "And did you notice, Lucy, how the women drew their kimonos up to their knees to keep them from getting spattered?"

"Yes,—and the queer paper umbrellas nearly all the folks carried," Lucy laughed. Then she went on: "But the funniest sights of all were the raincoats worn by some of the men, all made of rice straw which hung down in long, thick layers, one over another. It made the slimmest people look like big fat balls. I wish Daddy and Mummie could have seen them. I wrote them a long letter before you waked up this morning telling about our visit to

Aya and her brother, but I didn't say anything about lots of queer sights we've seen on the streets."

"Have you sealed the letter?"

"Not yet, Joe."

"Then read it to me, please."

Without waiting for more urging, Lucy began to read with twinkling eyes:

"MOST HONORED AND REVERED PARENTS:

"You can understand that I address you in this way because I am in Japan, and when one is in Japan, one should of course do as the polite and respectful Japanese children do. They are wonderfully well-behaved. I know this because Joe and I have been visiting in a truly-ruly Japanese home. I told you in my last letter about our getting acquainted with Aya and Okashi and their mother on our train ride here, and how surprised I was that they spoke good English, though the words sometimes come slowly.

"They have a lovely home even though, like many of the others in Tokyo, it's not painted on the outside. Imagine Joe and me riding there one afternoon in a 'rikisha. And imagine our going up to the door which a neat Japanese servant girl opened for us, getting down on her knees and bending over till her forehead touched the floor as she asked the 'most honorable young guests' to take off their shoes and leave them outside.

"Of course we did so at once because we had learned that no one in Japan would think of entering one of the spotless homes here, wearing shoes or sandals to which the dust of the street might be clinging.

"We were shown at once to the parlor which we discovered to be in the back of the house. We found Aya and Okashi sitting there with their mother on cushions which rested on thick, closely-woven straw mats. These mats and all the others in the home, and I guess, for that matter, all those in Japan, are exactly six feet long, three feet wide and two inches thick. The children's mother looked very pretty in a yellow silk kimono with flowers and stick-pins in her hair. Her feet were covered with thick white stockings shaped like mittens. Yes, they were, because there was a separate place in each one for the big toe! Isn't that odd?

"As we looked around us, we noticed that the sliding panels at the back of the house were drawn aside so it was quite open, and we found ourselves looking out into the most *beautiful* garden, with a stone bridge across a tiny stream in it, and big fluffy chrysanthemums blossoming so close to us that we could almost reach our hands out over the narrow veranda and pick them from where we were sitting. I caught sight of a cherry tree in the garden, and a tiny hillock with a summer house on top scarcely big enough for Aya and her brother to enter.

"I glanced around me now and then and discovered that there was scarcely any furniture in the room except one cabinet and some beautiful screens, while the walls separating the parlor from the rest of the house weren't really walls, but high bamboo screens which could be moved about. 'Oho!' said I to myself, 'if the family have guests visiting them and need more rooms, they can make them by shutting them off with screens.'

"Now, this family is a rich one, but there was only one picture to be seen, and only one other decoration, an exquisite vase resting on a lacquered stand and holding a single crimson chrysanthemum—a big beautiful blossom. I afterwards found out that the family have other pictures and vases carefully stored, but they do not think it good taste to show more than two or three such things at a time. Isn't that a good idea?

"During the afternoon Aya and her brother played games with Joe and me. At first the boys played battledore and shuttlecock outdoors while Aya got out her favorite doll. She showed me that the doll was dressed like her and her mother. Why, it even had fancy stickpins in her hair. Aya fastened it on my back in a little bag, and I carried it around the room just as Aya's baby brother is carried about on his nurse's back.

"After a while the boys came in and we all played

'jackstones' in Japanese fashion—that is with small bags instead of stones.

"Then Okashi showed us some of his kites—beautiful ones, and, oh, so big!

"Last of all, we had a game of 'hana, hana,' or 'nose, nose,' as we'd say in English. In this game there is a leader who orders the others to do one thing while he does another, so as to get every one confused. When Okashi was the leader he touched his mouth with his finger and said as fast as he could, 'Mouth, mouth, mouth, nose!' At the same time he touched his ear. Every one of us got caught, because instead of touching our noses, we touched our ears. Then we had to pay forfeits.

"We had just stopped playing when Aya's and Okashi's father came home. He is a dignified-looking man and very quiet.

"Supper was now served; but, mind you, there was no dining-room to eat it in such as you and I are used to because there were no big tables, or chairs, or sideboard. The little serving maid came in and set tiny tables without any covers in front of each of us as we squatted on the mats. They weren't a foot high!

"Then, making deep bows, the little maid brought us the tiniest porcelain cups filled with hot wine made out of rice, called sake, and delicious little cakes served on brass dishes.

"With these we began the meal. After them came

soup, followed with dishes of raw fish cut in thin pink slices and served with a spicy sauce. You can scarcely believe it, but both Joe and I liked the fish, though I had once told Aunt Nell I would *never* eat it raw as the Japanese do. Pickled plums were also brought us, and delicious lobster. There was rice in plenty, and before the tables were taken away we were served tea. It's queer, but we've actually learned to like tea as the Chinese and Japanese drink it, without milk and sugar, so I drank two cupfuls. You must not be shocked at reading this, because the cups were very tiny.

"Now what do you think happened when the supper was over? Two pretty geisha girls, who had just arrived, appeared before us. They were dressed in gorgeous big-flowered kimonos—one of scarlet silk and the other of yellow. They smiled and bowed, and then began to entertain us. While one played on her banjo the other danced very prettily. I enjoyed watching the dancing, but have not yet learned to like Japanese music.

"When the entertainment was over we were told that the bath was ready and that the honorable guests should take their turns first. Joe winked slyly at me as I was led by the little maid-servant to the bathroom which was shut off from the rest of the house by movable panels.

"When I was left alone, I took off my clothes as quickly as possible and got into the wooden tub

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"'SUPPER WAS SERVED . . . BUT THERE WERE NO BIG TABLES OR CHAIRS.'"

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that stood in the middle of the room. I had already noticed a charcoal fire in a metal box under the tub, and a water pipe running up through the back part of it.

"At first the water was only comfortably warm, and I was enjoying my bath when all at once it grew hot and hotter, hotter! Ouch! I felt as if I were on fire. Out I sprang as fast as I could and began to rub myself down. But, oh! my skin was already red and tender, and I was glad to get on my night clothes and have the maid show me to my room which was simply a shut-off corner of the house.

"Now what kind of a bed do you think was waiting for me? A pile of soft thick quilts spread one above another on the floor! And what was the pillow? The queerest one you ever heard of! It was a wooden block hollowed out in the middle and covered with paper.

"Settling myself among the quilts, I tried to fit my neck into the hard, hollowed head-rest. But it was of no use. So I reached out and got hold of my dress, and used that for a pillow. I knew nothing more till morning when I learned that Joe had used the same bath water as I, and after him the different members of the family entered it. And Joe told me he came near screaming out loud at being *almost* scalded to death.

"Oh, but we had a lovely visit, after all, as our friends were very kind to us. We had had to coax

Aunt Nell and Uncle Ben to let us accept the invitation to spend the night away from them, but we are ever so glad that they let us do so.

"My hand is tired writing, so I must bid you good-by for to-day.

"With heaps of love,

"Your devoted daughter

"LUCY.

"P. S. I forgot to tell you that when Aya greeted me, she rubbed her cheeks softly against mine. (Doing this, it seems, takes the place of kissing in Japan.) If you knew Aya I am sure you would love her because she is so gentle and sweet-tempered."

CHAPTER XIV

IN SHIBA PARK

"I'M ready!" declared Joe.

"So am I," said Lucy as she finished buttoning her coat. "It was ever so kind of you to come for us," she went on, smiling first at Aya and then at Okashi. "Joe and I are very glad to go sightseeing with you."

"My sister and I will also have much joy," said Okashi bashfully. As he spoke he was thinking, "I wonder if all American girls have dimples in their cheeks and bright, laughing eyes."

"You are to be our guide to-day, Okashi," said Mr. Andrews as the party left the hotel. "We will follow wherever you lead."

"Then I think"—the fourteen-year-old Japanese lad spoke slowly—"we had better go to watch a fan-maker whom I know, first of all. The people of my country like fans much. So there are fans for all seasons and of all kinds."

"You told us rightly," Joe said to his young friend after the party had reached the fan-maker's and spent a few minutes there. "I've already seen fans for men, and fans for women; fans that remain open and fans that will close; fans for warm

weather and others for cold; and, yes, even special fans for different festivals."

"But they are all beautiful," said Lucy, giving Aya's hand a gentle pat as she spoke. "And I'd like one of every kind to take home with me."

"You'd need an extra trunk to hold them all," said Joe with a laugh, as the party left the shop.

"Would you like next to go to a place where there are workers in lacquer?" Okashi now asked. "There are many such in our city because so many articles—trays, boxes, bowls, fans, oh, many things, are coated with lacquer."

"It would give us great pleasure to do so," said Mr. Andrews. "And besides, we shall have a chance I have wished for to see how the coating is prepared."

"What queer stuff lacquer is!" remarked Lucy when she had reached the shop to find a number of men so busy at their tasks that they scarcely noticed the visitors.

"I didn't know before that lacquer is the sap of a tree which grows in this country," said Joe in surprise. "And that it is colored red with vermilion, and black by adding water in which iron-filings and pounded gall nuts have been standing."

"Please notice," Okashi told his friends, "that the white of eggs is added to lacquer so it will harden after it is spread on any object. See also how that man yonder is polishing the tray in his

hand till the lacquer with which it is covered becomes as smooth as ivory.

"This also I must tell you," the lad went on. "Common ware receives only a few coats of lacquer, while finer pieces often have from fifty to one hundred coats. That is why they are so costly."

"I have read that working with lacquer is bad for the health," said Mrs. Andrews, who had been watching a delicate-looking Japanese youth.

"Very bad indeed." Okashi shook his head sadly. "Yet not only my people, but those of countries far away, are ever ready to buy the beautiful lacquered ware of Japan. And so many workers in lacquer are needed."

"And now to the lantern factory that is close by," he said shortly.

"Oh!" whispered Lucy to her aunt when, a few minutes afterwards, the sightseers found themselves fairly surrounded by lanterns of many sizes and shapes and colors.

The exclamation was not called forth, however, by these, but by the boys and girls who were making the lanterns. "A good many of them aren't any older than Joe and I are," Lucy went on. "What a shame that they must work all day long in a factory!"

"You have seen how lanterns are made," said Aya, who had been watching Lucy's face and won-

dering why she looked so serious. "So now I think my brother will take us to a mat-maker's."

"No home in Japan is quite furnished without mats," said Joe when Okashi had done what his sister expected and taken his friends to a small shop where two young men were busily binding the edges of mats with heavy blue cotton cloth. Two other workers had pads on their elbows, with which they continually beat the mats in front of them as they wove them out of rice straw.

"On our way here," Lucy told Aya as they stood watching, "I noticed an old man in a little shop we were passing. He was carving a toy out of ivory."

"Beside him were tiny animals and some beautiful ornaments which he must also have carved," put in Joe. "I must say the Japanese are skillful workers."

At this compliment to their people Aya and her brother looked pleased.

"I think by this time you must all be ready for refreshments," said Mr. Andrews. "Okashi, after a rest of a half-hour and some tea and cakes, we will all be ready to follow you to the next place you may suggest. You are certainly an excellent guide."

"I thank you, most honorable friend," replied the Japanese boy, at the same time making a deep bow. "I hope that the plan I have for your further enjoyment will please you."

Okashi did not tell what this plan was, however,

till the party had left the restaurant. Then, taking a paper from his pocket, he handed it to Mr. Andrews. "You will see from this," he said, "where we are to go next. My father got this permission from one of the high officials in our city, that we might use it to-day. It makes it possible for us to visit the royal grounds and one of our great Emperor's palaces."

As the twins listened to Okashi's words Joe whispered to his sister: "Oho! Aren't we the most fortunate children in the world?"

"Um! um!" was the reply. "We've seen pretty near everything worth seeing in Tokyo—the handsomest shrines and temples; the big university where Aya has told me her father studied law; the Imperial Theater where we were able to sit on chairs instead of squatting on mats as we had to do in other theaters, and now for the best of all!"

When the visit to the royal grounds had come to an end and our travelers were back in their rooms at the hotel Lucy once more declared she had just seen the best of all.

"Only to think," she cried, "that the grounds set apart for the pleasure of the Emperor and his family cover acres and acres of hills and valleys and lakes and gardens! And in the midst of all that beauty stand the palaces in their grandeur! In the very heart of this busy city too!"

"I began to enjoy the beauty as soon as we

passed over the first marble bridge leading into the grounds,'' said Mrs. Grayson. The little lady spoke almost as enthusiastically as Lucy: ''I wanted to keep stopping to look down at the pond below with the beautiful blossoms floating on the surface of the water.''

''I was disappointed in the appearance of the soldiers on guard,'' broke in Joe, ''because they were dressed in the fashion of Westerners!''

''I have been told that both the Emperor and Empress have also given up the costumes of their country and dress in European style. It's too bad,'' said Mr. Andrews regretfully.

''As we stood beside one of the ponds,'' said Joe, ''Okashi told me some things about the Emperor. It seems he likes nothing better than to go duck hunting with his nobles in spare hours. Perhaps I should say netting instead of hunting, because he doesn't shoot the ducks. After setting decoys on the water of the ponds and canals, he has grain scattered over the surface to attract the birds. Then he and his nobles hide among the shrubs on the border and as the ducks fly down and begin to eat the grain, the company cast their nets to trap them. Okashi says it is good sport because skill is needed to throw a net in the right way.''

''I never saw a more beautiful place than the palace we visited,'' said Lucy, who was so tired that it was hard work for her to keep her eyes open.

"Aya told me there are hundreds of rooms in that one building. Every one we entered had brocaded silk hangings on the walls, and most elegant embroideries even on the ceilings."

"As for the mats, they felt like the softest velvet under my feet," said Joe. "I really wouldn't mind spending a few days in a Japanese palace and going duck-shooting with the Emperor."

"At present, I know no more comfortable place to spend to-night than right here," said his uncle with a sleepy yawn. "So to bed, little folks. May you both have pleasant dreams of this wonderful city of Tokyo."

The next morning when the twins joined their uncle and aunt at the breakfast table Joe said disappointedly: "I didn't dream at all last night. That is, I don't remember that I did."

"*I* dreamed," said Lucy quickly. "But it wasn't about yesterday. Joe and I seemed to be in one of the lovely city parks and Aya and her brother were with us. We seemed to be celebrating the Maple Festival that is to take place next week. We were making deep bows to each other and singing Japanese songs about the beauty of the maple trees in their autumn foliage."

"There is a saying that dreams go by contraries," Mrs. Andrews said. "But a part of your dream is likely to come true, Lucy, because Okashi has just

telephoned, asking if you and Joe may go with him and Aya this morning to Shiba Park."

"And you said yes, I'm sure!" cried Lucy delightedly.

Her aunt nodded. "You are to be ready at ten o'clock," she said. "Later on, about noon, your uncle and I will join you and take you all to lunch, and afterwards to a moving picture show."

"What sport!" declared Joe. "We'll have a fine time to-day, I'm sure."

Okashi and his sister arrived promptly at the hour set and the four young folks set off at once for Shiba Park in 'rikishas.

On entering the beautiful grounds they left the 'rikishas, as all agreed it would be much pleasanter to walk about among the lovely trees and plants and stop to chat together whenever they desired.

"I wish you could have been here last spring when the cherry and plum trees were in blossom," Aya told Lucy as the two little girls sauntered along arm in arm. "At those times every one stopped work to enjoy the festivals. Some people visited the parks. Others spent the day in the orchards outside the city. All wore their loveliest clothes in honor of the beauty of the blossoms, and all were happy—oh, so happy!"

As Aya spoke her black eyes were soft and shining, and her cheeks flushed.

"She looks as pretty as a plum blossom herself," thought Lucy as she looked at her little friend.

"I can guess how you spent those spring holidays," she replied. "They must have been like the chrysanthemum festival of last week. You played with other boys and girls under the trees, and now and then you stopped to buy cakes and candies from the peddlers who gathered nearby. And of course you often feasted your eyes on the beauty of the blossoming trees."

"Yes, yes, because I love them so," said Aya earnestly. "And I also wrote poems to them and pinned the poems on the branches. This pleased my honorable parents because they also love all beautiful things and enjoy our festivals as much as we children."

"I think you must have more holidays than we Americans," said Lucy. "I wish we had the Feast of Dolls, at any rate. What a good time you must have then."

"Such a good time! It comes in the spring and lasts three whole days. All girls love this festival. My honorable mother spends much time getting ready for it, and the maid works hard. I also help because there is much to do. All my grandmother's dolls and my mother's and my own are brought out from the storehouse and set up in our home on rows of shelves. There is much cooking of dainties to spread before the dolls, and to be eaten by ourselves

and our friends. Oh! the Feast of Dolls is a grand time indeed."

It happened that while Aya was describing her favorite festival, her brother was telling Joe about the Festival of Flags which is dear to every Japanese boy's heart.

"As the time draws near," he said, "I watch eagerly for its coming and for the setting up of a post in front of the house, and the placing of a big paper carp on top of the post. This tells all passers-by that my father has at least one son to celebrate the holiday with him. I receive many gifts from my father at this time, and as the celebration is in honor of the God of War, they are such as one needs in fighting—a helmet, flags, and the like. During the festival my boy friends and I fight mock battles and have much fun over them."

"I wish we twins could spend a year in Japan," said Joe as the boys joined their sisters. "Then we could enjoy all your festivals with you. But Uncle Ben says that our stay here is to cover only six weeks."

"I am sorry you must go away." Okashi spoke regretfully. "If only you could remain till the New Year! That is the time for the gayest of all our festivals. Scarcely any one works during the celebration except the 'rikisha pullers, and even they seem to enjoy themselves. The geisha girls are

kept busy, it is true, but there is fun for them in entertaining others."

"What special things do you do at New Year?" asked Lucy.

"We have feasts in our own homes and go to still other feasts in the homes of our friends. We go to the theater. We visit the fairs which are decorated with colored lanterns, and we watch the crowds of happy people all of whom have a kind word for each other. New Year is the gladdest time of the year in Japan."

"Oh-h!" Lucy drew a sigh of longing. Then, with a smile, she went on: "It's foolish to think of what one can't have when there is so much to enjoy this very minute."

"That's sensible!" said her uncle, who had come up the path with her aunt without the children's noticing their approach.

CHAPTER XV

OUT IN THE COUNTRY

"DOESN'T it seem funny?" As Lucy spoke, she looked up from the map she had been studying. "Here is this empire of Japan made up of over thirty-eight hundred islands spreading up and down, through different climates, in the Pacific Ocean. Yet, if all these islands were fastened close together, they wouldn't make a patch of country as big as the state of California!"

"Whew! that's so," said Joe. "But I'll tell you what I wish—that we could go about among the different islands. Uncle Ben says, though, that we must be satisfied with seeing a good deal of Hondo as it's the biggest and most important island."

"Aya told me the other day that her father took Okashi with him last year down to Formosa—that's the most southern of the islands," said Lucy. Most of the people there are scarcely civilized."

"Hm!" said Joe with his finger on the map. "Yesso is next in size to Hondo and lies just north of it. Uncle Ben says the people there are quite wild and——"

But the boy did not finish the sentence. His face had suddenly turned white. So had Lucy's. Both children had sprung from their chairs and stood fac-

ing each other with wide-open, scared eyes. Neither of them moved or spoke for perhaps a minute, and then Lucy, trembling, said in a whisper, "What was it?"

At that moment the door opened and the twins' aunt came slowly into the room, her face as white as the children's.

"What was it?" again asked Lucy in a little stronger voice.

"I don't know, dear, but—I think we have been feeling the shock of an earthquake." Mrs. Andrews tried to speak brightly, but she failed.

Just then Uncle Ben's lively step could be heard along the corridor. As he appeared in the doorway he had a broad smile on his face.

"What? Scared?" he asked, turning from one to another. "And *you,* Joe! I'm amazed at you, a boy who has longed to go tiger hunting turning pale because the earth quaked ever so little! Why, they tell me that Tokyo trembles to some extent very often indeed. We've been fortunate in not feeling a shock before. That's what I say!"

Joe, now quite himself and ashamed of his fear, managed to say, "But we were taken so by surprise! And my stomach felt so queer all at once!"

"I was dazed," said Mrs. Andrews.

"And I!" echoed Lucy.

After that all broke into a laugh in which they were interrupted by the arrival of Okashi.

"I'm ready," he said simply.

"Goody!" cried Lucy. "It's too bad, though, that Aya can't go with us also."

"In half an hour we are to start for the country and we won't be back at this European hotel for two whole days," said Mr. Andrews, as gleefully as a boy. "Think of it, twins! We shall sleep at night in a real Japanese inn. We'll see how farming is carried on, and how a rice crop is gathered——"

"And how the country folks of Japan live," put in Mrs. Andrews, who furthermore declared that earthquaking should never trouble her again and she meant to enjoy every minute of the excursion.

So the party rode merrily out of the city, each jinrikisha pulled by two men, as the trip was to cover many miles.

Then "up hill and down dale" rode the travelers in the sweet fresh autumn air. They passed many a brook singing merrily as it flowed down a green slope. They were hurried by many a pretty pond and tiny farm. No fences did they see, no barns, no flocks of sheep grazing in the fields, and only a few horses.

"Not a single cow have I laid eyes on," Lucy said after traveling many miles.

"Why should the Japanese raise cows when they don't use milk, and few of them eat beef?" was her uncle's answer.

The twins laughed more than once on their way when they caught sight of barefooted children playing games on stilts.

"They hop about so fast I should think they'd fall off," declared Lucy, as she watched them.

"See! while the feet rest on the cross pieces, the poles fit in between the big toe and the one next it," explained Okashi.

"Oh, yes! in that way they can keep a tight clutch," said Joe. "I'd like to borrow some stilts and try running about on them myself."

"But your feet are used to shoes," replied Okashi. "They are tender because you are not in the habit of going barefoot, so it would be hard for you to play on stilts in the way of my country."

"Look! that must be a band of pilgrims on the way to some shrine," Lucy called softly to the others as the jinrikisha men came to a stop by the roadside to rest. She motioned to some men coming up the road. Each of the men had a staff in his hand and a pack on his back.

"They may have come a long distance," said Mr. Andrews. "Their packs, no doubt, contain bedding to be used for the night's sleep. Some of the pilgrims are old and walk wearily. Yet they probably think only of the prayers they will soon offer at the sacred shrine they are seeking."

When the pilgrims had passed on, our travelers once more went on their way and soon came to a

stream which had made its path down a steep hillside. Two boys were so busily at work by the stream that they did not notice the party of Americans who had "slowed up" to watch them.

"What are they doing?" Lucy asked Okashi.

"Fishing," he answered.

"But they have bows and arrows, not lines," broke in Joe.

"Look!" Okashi's dark eyes were turned towards the surface of the water in front of the boys, where some fish were leaping wildly about.

As he spoke, one of the boys shot an arrow from his bow and it pierced a fish.

"Ah! and now he will shoot another!" Okashi went on. "He must have cast a certain kind of herb in the water which makes it bitter and gives pain to the fish. They come up, and then the arrows are shot at them."

"Is that the only way the Japanese fish?" asked Joe.

"Oh, no! nets are often used, and also lines. I like nets best of all."

"Look! look!" cried Mr. Andrews, pointing to a high place up the stream where a man was crossing from one side to the other in a basket bridge. Far below him the water was roaring and foaming as it dashed over the rocks. But he did not seem afraid, as he swung slowly along by means of a rope pulley to which the basket was fastened.

"Ah! he's crossed safely," said Lucy the next moment, in a relieved tone. Soon afterwards our travelers stopped beside a rice field to watch the workers gathering a crop of tall yellow grain. Men, women and children were working rapidly. The men and boys wore little clothing, and the women and girls had their kimonos tucked up.

"The field is dry now that the rice has ripened," said Okashi. "It is not so hard for the farmers to gather it as it was to plant and tend it."

"Why?" asked Joe quickly.

"Because at first the land had to be carefully spaded and this is generally done by hand. Then came the flooding from streams and canals around, and after that the planting of the grain in the soft mud. Many a time I have seen men and women in the springtime knee deep—yes, almost waist deep—in mud as they worked hour after hour.

"Then, after the grain sprouts, it must be transplanted, and there must be flooding again and again, else the rice will not grow as it should. Weeds come up thick and fast. The people must keep uprooting these, and all the time they are doing this they are obliged to work in the unpleasant mud."

"Oof!" cried Joe. "If I were a Japanese I'd not choose to raise rice for a living."

"But as there are many low places in the country where rice will grow better than anything else, and there are tens of thousands of poor people who must

get their living by farming," said Mr. Andrews, "they bear the discomfort as best they can." The kind-hearted man sighed.

"The rice plants are green at first," said Okashi, glad to show how much he knew. "But they turn yellow when they ripen, as you see."

"Look! the workers cut the stalks close to the ground with their sickles," said Lucy.

"And over beyond us we can see some men dragging the straw through a rack with saw-like teeth," said her uncle.

"The grain falls off in heaps on the ground," said Okashi, "and afterwards it will be husked. Then much of the rice raised in my country is packed and shipped to other lands. The poor people cannot afford to eat all the rice they wish. They live largely on millet and fish, with perhaps a dish of seaweed soup now and then."

"Just ahead of us, honorable sir, is the village where we had best spend the night," one of the 'rikisha men now said to Mr. Andrews with a bow. "See! the sun is sinking already."

Soon afterwards the party entered the village whose houses stretched along the roadside.

Such tiny one-roomed houses these were, with thatched roofs. The screens of oiled paper within were pushed aside and the wooden shutters which covered the screens on the outside at night had not yet been put in place.

"We can see how the people of the country keep house without going inside," Lucy whispered to her aunt.

"It certainly cannot cost much to set up housekeeping," was the answer. "A little stool for a table, a firebox for heat, a few mats and dishes, and some quilts for bedding—these seem quite enough for comfort, according to Japanese taste."

"How clean these homes look!" said Mr. Andrews admiringly. "Poor people in Japan, as well as rich, seem to hate dirt."

"I've noticed clogs standing outside every door," said Joe. "And a few minutes ago I saw a girl brushing off a few grains of dirt from one of the mats. She used a rough switch of bamboo."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Andrews, catching her breath when the travelers had settled themselves shortly afterwards on some mats in the one inn of the village. Then she smiled. "If my husband and the twins like to try living like the Japanese, I guess I can enjoy the fun with them."

So when she found that the room where she was to sleep was merely a screened-off corner of the one where the landlord and his other guests were sitting, and that the maid who had been spreading out the quilts for her bed and gone away, was at that moment peeking curiously at her from over the top of a screen, she decided to laugh.

"This has been a real adventure," she told the

twins as the party got ready to leave next morning after drinking tea, and eating rice with chop-sticks out of wooden bowls.

"And, Lucy," she whispered to her niece, "I rolled my coat up for a pillow last night, as I don't like Japanese head-rests any better than you do."

It was still early when the travelers started out, but already they saw people busily at work along the way.

"See!" said Okashi, pointing to some women kneeling beside the stream which ran through the village. "They are doing the family washing."

"And scrubbing the clothes clean, I'll wager," said Joe.

The next minute Lucy cried out, "I declare!"

"What do you declare?" said Joe with a laugh.

"There's something I didn't discover yesterday," was the answer, as the little girl pointed to the tiled roof of a house which had vegetables growing close around it.

"The folks who live there need all their land for raising vegetables," said Okashi quietly. "But like the rest of my people, they love flowers. So they have made a garden on their roof. How beautiful the blossoms look!"

Whenever the jinrikishas came to a stop and the party could talk together, Okashi had something interesting to tell his American friends. "When I am old enough," he said earnestly, "I will be trained

to be a soldier. Ah! I long for the time to come. To fight for my Emperor! Nothing can be nobler than that except to die for him." The lad's eyes sparkled with fire as he spoke.

He had scarcely finished when a company of boys with their school teacher came into sight. "We've seen boys out with their teachers several times since we came to Japan," remarked Joe.

"Of course, that is the way we learn a great deal —by *observing,*" Okashi replied. "Many of our school hours are passed on the roads and in the fields. In this way we find out about our country. Look!" he went on. "Do you know what that tree is just ahead of us?"

Joe and Lucy shook their heads.

"It is a camphor tree. It is found more often in the western part of Japan, and is very valuable. My country furnishes most of the camphor used in the world."

"Why-ee!" exclaimed Joe. "That's news to me."

"But from what part of the tree does it come?" asked Lucy eagerly.

"From all parts. The whole tree is cut down and chipped into tiny bits and boiled, so that all the sap and oil may be drawn from the wood. The sap and oil are then carried up in steam and finally condensed. It is quite a long process."

Later on Okashi pointed to a row of mulberry trees dividing two farms.

"Our Emperor and Empress wish their people to raise as many of those trees as possible," he said. "Then Japan can send to other lands still more of the beautiful silks made here. Many and many are the homes where women tend silkworms to gain as great a number of cocoons as they can. And there are experiment stations all over the country where boys are taught the best ways of raising silkworms. Our Empress sets her people a noble example by having silkworms and sometimes feeding them herself!"

Okashi spoke proudly.

All too soon, as Joe declared, the party turned backwards towards Tokyo.

"We haven't had a single shower," said Mrs. Andrews delightedly. The little lady had discovered that rain fell often in the "Land of the Chrysanthemum," so was grateful to have escaped it during her trip into the country.

"We'll be back at the hotel in plenty of time for supper," Mr. Andrews promised the children when Joe said he was already hungry enough to eat seaweed soup.

But the hotel was still two miles away, and the jinrikisha men were moving slowly through a crowded street, where an alarm was suddenly sounded.

The next instant every one in the street seemed in a panic. The people began to run wildly, some in one direction, some in another. Two little Japa-

nese girls who happened to be close to Lucy's jinrikisha threw up their hands and began to cry. Lucy's heart beat fast.

"What can be the matter?" she thought. But Joe, who was riding abreast of her, broke into a laugh. "It's a fire!" he called. "Christopher! I'd like to go to it."

Just then a policeman stepped in front of the party. "Draw to one side," he commanded the coolies. At the same time he pointed towards the north where smoke and flames were shooting up towards the sky.

"But we are not going in that direction," Mr. Andrews told the policeman. "And the fire is miles away."

This did not move the officer. "Stay where you are," he said sternly. No doubt he was thinking: "What silly people the Americans are! They do not realize how fast a fire can travel in this city where so many buildings are of light wood, and where paper is used for so many purposes."

When, after an hour's wait, the fire had subsided and our travelers were allowed to go on their way, Lucy decided that she was glad Tokyo was not her home. "I'd never feel safe here," she afterward said to her uncle, "now that Okashi says there were hundreds of fires in the city only last year."

CHAPTER XVI

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS

"THAT is the Sacred Red Bridge about which the Japanese tell an old, old legend," explained Mr. Andrews.

"It was worth coming here to Nikko just to get this view," said the children's aunt as she gazed at the mountains around and then at the roaring, foaming stream below with the bridge spanning it.

"What is the legend, Uncle Ben?" asked Lucy curiously. "I have never heard it, I'm sure."

"Nor I," said Joe. "Do tell it, Uncle Ben."

"It is about a holy man who was searching for a sacred mountain he had seen in a dream," said Mr. Andrews. "After many a weary day's journey he came to the ravine below us, with the water rushing wildly over the rocks at its base.

" 'I can go no farther,' the holy man said to himself. 'I will pray to the gods for help.'

"Accordingly he knelt on the edge and prayed devoutly, and, lo! a dragon appeared before him, and finding out what he wished, flew away to the god of the sacred mountain which was on the other side of the abyss."

"Of course the god promised help," put in Lucy with a smile.

"Yes," her uncle went on. "He immediately commanded two dragons, one red and the other white, to spread their wings and make a pathway across the ravine. This they did, and the holy man crossed over safely.

"Because of what had been done for him by the god, one of the great moguls, centuries afterwards, built a bridge in memory of that wonderful passage."

"Since the Red Bridge is held sacred, I suppose we cannot pass over it," said Joe.

"No," said Mr. Andrews. "But we can travel over the pilgrim path which leads from Nikko up to the temple grounds on the mountain beyond, and I propose that we take the trip this afternoon."

"Hurrah!" cried Joe.

"Goody!" cried Lucy.

Then away the twins hurried with their aunt to get ready for the excursion.

"It was more interesting even than I dreamed it would be," declared Lucy when our travelers had returned to their hotel at sunset. "As we climbed that pathway all the people we passed looked happy. I suppose it was because they were glad of being able to visit the wonderful temples and tombs above."

"On our way up I thought of the thousands, yes,

tens of thousands, of pilgrims who had traveled the road before us and worn away the pathway with the pressure of their feet.'' Mrs. Andrews spoke softly.

''All I can think of now is what we saw when our climb was over,'' said Joe. ''Such wonderful temples there were away up on that mountain! Such bright colors in the decorations! Even the coppered roofs, with their many points and curves, were rich with carving.''

''The decorations inside the temples were more wonderful than those outside, to my thinking,'' said Mr. Andrews. ''I saw birds and flowers, and fishes, dragons and mythical beasts there, pictured in rich coloring, and also carved with the greatest skill. Truly, we have looked to-day upon strange and marvelous things wrought by man on a mountain top.''

''I suppose''—Lucy spoke dreamily—''we saw nothing more beautiful to-day than the tomb of that great shogun, Iyeyasu, all of bronze and gold, and with some of the richest carvings I ever saw.''

''To-morrow we are to look upon something more beautiful than anything made by man,'' said Mr. Andrews, smiling at Lucy's enthusiasm.

''What can it be?'' asked Joe eagerly.

''You shall see when the time comes,'' was the laughing answer. ''That is all I will tell you now.''

''I'm almost bursting with curiosity,'' Joe told

his sister when the party were about to take their seats in sedan chairs early the next morning.

The excitable lad quickly forgot what he wished to know when his chair-bearer brought him into the main street of the town where children were romping in front of their homes, and tourists were going in and out of the curio shops.

"What sport!" he said to himself as he noticed two Japanese boys busy with a top fight. Each boy was trying to spin his top so it would run into that of his playmate and knock it a long distance away.

Shortly afterwards the twins found that they were being carried upward along a mountain path. From time to time Lucy peeked over at her brother from her chair, and more than once called out, "Have you guessed where we are going, Joe?"

And always his answer had to be, "No."

Up and up rode our travelers, with the view of the country below ever becoming wider.

Now and then, when they reached some pretty tea house perched on the mountain slope, Mr. Andrews would call to the bearers to stop so they could rest a while and all might take refreshments.

"Where are we going?" the twins kept wondering, till at last, when they had mounted four thousand feet above the ocean, they understood. Before them lay a beautiful lake which looked like a huge sapphire set among the mountain tops.

"Lake Chuzenji of which Japanese poets delight

to write," said Mrs. Andrews. "I wish I could write a poem about it myself."

"And I wish——" Joe stopped suddenly.

"That you could have a boat ride on these lovely waters," said his uncle quickly. "You shall have your wish, Joe."

Accordingly a boat was hired, and with two strong-armed Japanese boatmen to manage it, our travelers were soon moving swiftly over the celebrated lake.

"It would be fun to fish in this lake," suggested Joe as he caught sight of a man in a nearby boat pulling up a shiny trout.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Andrews who liked fishing as well as his nephew. "But we can't do everything we'd like to-day. We must make for the shore at once because there's a long trip down the mountain ahead of us, and we must get back to Nikko by nightfall."

"Beautiful tombs and temples are always interesting," Lucy told her aunt a few days afterwards as the two lounged together in their hotel at Kyoto. "But I enjoyed Lake Chuzenji better than anything else we saw during our visit to Nikko."

As Lucy spoke, smiles of happiness chased each other across her face.

Mrs. Andrews sighed softly. "Chuzenji seems like a beautiful dream now," she said.

"We've seen ever so many interesting things here

in Kyoto," Lucy went on. "But after so much going about, I didn't mind Uncle Ben and Joe leaving us yesterday. It has been pleasant just to rest here in the hotel and take life easy with you."

Lucy had barely finished the sentence when the door flew open and Joe burst into the room with his uncle close behind him.

"We've done it!" exclaimed the boy breathlessly.

"Shot the Hozu Rapids!" said his uncle, laughing as merrily as a boy.

"Shot those rapids—thirteen miles of them!" gasped Mrs. Andrews.

"Shot those rapids!" repeated her husband, trying to look serious. "When Joe and I started off on our excursion, I hoped to have the adventure, but didn't mention it to you because I feared you would worry about us."

"And if you had seen the boat that carried us down the rapids you'd have worried still more," said Joe with a chuckle. "A slender little thing it was, but there were four men to manage it, and here we are safe and sound."

"It took my breath away at first," confessed Mr. Andrews. "But pretty soon we got used to the rapid motion."

"To 'shoot-the-chutes' at Coney Island is a baby affair beside our adventure," put in Joe.

"Sometimes," his uncle went on, "the men had to

steer us through a pass in the rocks barely wider than the boat——"

"And all the time," burst out Joe, "the speed of an express train couldn't compare with that boat's."

"I'm glad to hear about it, but I wouldn't care to shoot the Hozu Rapids myself," said Lucy as our travelers went down to the dining-hall for supper.

There were several Americans at the table that evening, and all were interested in hearing about Joe's and his uncle's adventure.

Then the talk fell upon the sights of Kyoto.

"I wouldn't have missed coming here for anything," a little girl sitting beside Lucy told her.

"Nor I," was the answer. "In the first place this was the old capital of Japan; and here the emperor, poor man, lived like a prisoner in his palaces in the old days, only going out in a closely covered bullock-cart."

"The common people believed they would be struck blind if they should set eyes on him," put in Joe, who sat next beyond Lucy.

"The emperor's gardens must have been quite beautiful in the long ago," said the strange little girl who had told the twins by this time that her name was Dorothy Adams and her home was Boston.

"Yes, with its pretty stone bridges and waterfalls and many flowering plants and lovely trees," agreed Lucy. "But it was a prison yard just the same."

"Say!" cried Joe, speaking to Dorothy, "I suppose you've visited some of the temples here in Kyoto?"

"And heard the chiming of the priests' gongs there, and the clapping of the people's hands before they prayed," replied the little girl.

"And the singing and playing on guitars in the temple courtyards, of course," said Lucy.

"Oh, yes!" Dorothy laughed. "Did you ever come upon anything in your lives as funny as the Japanese way of mixing up playing and praying? In the temple courtyards I have seen boys and girls playing games, while the big folks sat around and chatted and drank tea."

"We've noticed that most of the temples are in lovely places," said Lucy. "In valleys with lotus ponds about them, or up on the hill-tops. Every one I've visited is rich inside with shining metal and embroidery."

"Uncle Ben took me to a wrestling match the other day," said Joe, changing the subject as he turned his eyes towards Dorothy.

"He did! Do tell me about it."

"I guess there were fifty men in the ring—big fat fellows they were," said Joe, who needed no urging. "We were told they were training for a big match in Tokyo! And, say! you should have seen them dig their toes into the ground and bang their heads against each other! It was great! Uncle

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"IN THE TEA FIELDS . . . GIRLS DO MOST OF THE PICKING."

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Ben got tired after a while, though, and we went away to join my aunt and Lucy in a visit to the Golden Pavilion.''

''Wasn't it beau-ti-ful?'' cried Dorothy, drawing out the word to make it last as long as possible.

''I should say! Aunt Nell and Lucy couldn't say enough about it after we got back to the hotel.''

''It must have cost the shogun who built it heaps and heaps of money,'' said Lucy, who had not spoken for some time. ''And only think of its being covered in the beginning with sheets of gold!''

''And the beautiful paintings inside!'' cried Dorothy. ''The best artists of the country worked upon them.''

''I'd like to have seen the gardens in the old days,'' Lucy went on. ''The shogun made them the loveliest in all Japan.''

''Have you taken many trips around Kyoto?'' Dorothy now asked the twins.

''Yes, as many as a week would let us,'' said Joe. ''One day we went into the country among the tea fields. We'd seen tea fields before, of course, because they are to be found in most parts of Japan. But Uncle Ben says the best tea is raised around here.''

''Did you know that the tea plant is one kind of camellia?'' asked Dorothy.

''No,'' said Joe and Lucy together.

''Well, it is, and the rows of plants, or rather

shrubs, look so pretty with their bright-green glossy leaves that people generally speak of their being raised in tea *gardens.*''

''I know that girls do most of the picking,'' said Lucy, ''and also much of the work of drying and packing. Uncle Ben has told me, by the way, that most tea is shipped from the port of Kobe which is quite near here.''

By this time the meal was over and the twins followed their uncle and aunt from the dining-room after saying good-night to Dorothy.

''You may never meet that little girl again,'' Mrs. Andrews told Joe and Lucy, ''because early to-morrow morning we shall leave here for Kobe.''

''And there,'' added the children's aunt, ''a steamer lies ready to take us away from the beautiful empire of Japan.'' She spoke a little sadly.

''Oh!'' cried Lucy.

''Oh!'' echoed Joe. And then, ''I'm glad and sorry at the same time. The only reason I'm glad,'' the boy hastened to say, ''is that other adventures are probably ahead of us.''

''I want to say''—Lucy spoke earnestly—''that I love Japan because it is so beautiful; because the people are so neat and so polite; because every one is cheerful and almost every one seems happy.''

''I agree with you,'' said Mr. Andrews with an approving smile.

THE END

CHINA, JAPAN, *and* KOREA

SIBERIA
MONGOLIA
YESSO
HONDO
JAPAN
SEA
KOREA
GREAT WALL
PEKING
TIENTSIN
NIKKO
TOKYO
YOKOHAMA
FUJIYAMA
KYOTO
KOBE
GRAND CANAL
YELLOW SEA
CHINA
NANKING
SHANGHAI
YANGTZE R.
FORMOSA
CANTON
HONGKONG

After their trip through India, these lively American twins are delighted to find that their uncle proposes to continue their Eastern journey to China and Japan.

From Hong Kong they travel northward, partly by rail and partly on the mighty Yangtze-Kiang River, to Shanghai; then by houseboat on the Grand Canal to the Imperial city of Peking. Joe enjoys a strenuous trip to The Great Wall while Lucy makes the acquaintance of a little Chinese girl in a real Chinese home.

A steamer then takes them to flowery Japan, where they are charmed by the beautiful sights and the clever industrious people of the island kingdom. It is not surprising that Lucy often exclaims, "Well, *this* is the most interesting thing we have seen so far!" as the wonders of these two ancient and picturesque countries unfold before them.

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